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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Deane Pollen

By Abbin

Deane Pollen was the luckiest girl that ever lived, her girl friends used to say.

She had not the beauty that poets would rave over, yet her face unconsciously pleased one—she had a certain style all her own which was very attractive. They lived in the seaport town of Y—, as her father was a captain, and her home had every

departure he felt sore and lonesome, why he could not tell. She was his ideal in every way and he didn't care to have other girl friends, and now she was going away for a whole year; and as he brooded over it night after night he came to the conclusion that she was the only one for him and that he loved her as he knew he would

face, dark, dreamy eyes that told of a powerful imagination. She loved to read the old romances and talk of them, and she was just at that age when love is the most interesting thing in the world, and altho' Deane did not always understand her, she was interested and dwelt more on those things than before. Ailsa would give up everything for love, but altho' Deane would demand a great deal, not so much love as respect, position and wealth, she would never be able to give an ardent love. She wrote occasional letters to Clyde—school-girl scribbles—and was somewhat surprised at the lengthy and interesting letters she received in reply.

Both girls had made nice friends, in the nicest set that K— could boast of, and Mrs. MacGregor took them out and had them help her entertain so much as their studies

and somehow or other Clyde always found himself at Capt. Pollen's nearly every evening either to take Deane for a walk, a sail or to hear some music. Deane accepted it all as a matter of course, but his sayings and sometimes crude way of saying things often irritated her, and she often showed her impatience, and Clyde went home many a night with a dull pain at his heart, wondering where he had failed and wishing oh so much for power to make her love him.

Only one evening did he let her know his feelings.

They were standing by the bars just outside the town, the moonlight streamed on the water, and the world was beautiful in the approaching shadows of night. Clyde suddenly said with such a yearning voice, 'Won't you learn to like me a little, Deane?' "I do like you," said Deane;



MOONLIGHT ON LAKE KILLARNEY, MAN.

comfort that could be imagined, and a great many luxuries also. She had three brothers all older than herself who made it their business to try to pet and spoil their only sister but Deane was not the kind of girl easily spoiled.

She was singularly childlike, while other girls of her age put on grown-up airs. She still played with her dolls, and when possible with her old play-mate, Clyde Mackie, whose father had the largest business and was the wealthiest man in town. But now, alas! Clyde was getting so grown up he had been taken into his father's business early that spring. Deane was beginning to realize that she, too, was growing up, and when her birthday, the twenty-first of June, came round and her father announced that he thought it about time for her to go to College, for she was now seventeen, she knew that the childish days were a thing of the past. When Clyde heard of her intended

never love again. Yet she was so much of a child he thought it best just to show the same old friendly feeling for a while longer, and Deane never suspected when he asked her to take pity on her old playmate and write often that her letters would be the chief joy of his life.

In the beginning of September she and her mother started for K— College. She arranged to have her daughter board with a friend of hers who had a beautiful home, and as she had no child of her own she took Ailsa Craig, another friend, and Deane to stay with her, and she prepared to give the girls all the pleasure possible in the time free from study. She acted the godmother to these girls on account of her friendship with their mothers, and also, altho she had many acquaintances, she had no one to lavish her great store of love on.

Ailsa Craig was a minister's daughter, very pretty, with a rather Madonna-like

would allow. Gradually a great change took place in Deane. She did not altogether neglect college life and duties, but fashionable life seemed to fascinate her and she longed for the time to pass when she could take her place in society. Her interest and attention seemed centered in her fashionable friends and Clyde seemed to be entirely forgotten. "Of course he has money," she said to Ailsa one day, "but he has not the polish and finished manner of the men we meet here."

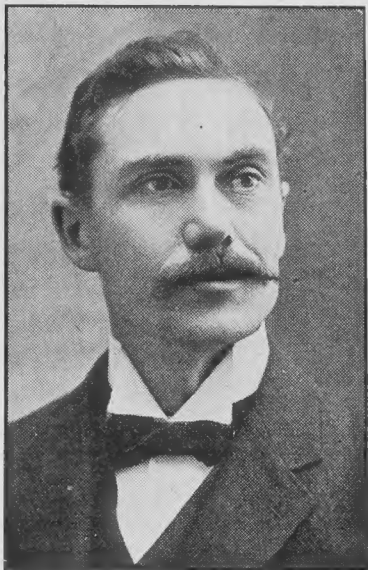
At the end of the college term, Ailsa had passed her examination with honors, and made up her mind to teach, while Deane had failed, but was consoled by her mother, who said she would send her to study music in K— the next year. So Deane returned home prepared to spend a glorious holiday, and Clyde did everything in his power to make it so. His new boat, named "The Deane," was at her command at all times,

"you're the best friend I've got," and before Deane realized it he had clasped her in his arms and was kissing her and saying, "But I love you so much, so much; oh darling do love me a little." She was frightened at his impetuosity and emotion, and begged him to take her home. She would answer him another time. She avoided him after this. She didn't know her own mind, and the thoughts of his impetuosity startled her, and during the remainder of her holiday she saw him alone not once.

In September she returned to K—. She was to stay with Mrs. Aird, whose daughter, May, was about Deane's own age.

Mrs. Aird made a party in November to introduce her own daughter and also Deane to society, and at that party Deane met Harold Aird, May's cousin.

It was with his usual easy grace that he paid Deane all the various little attentions which makes the evening such a success for



Walter Scott

Liberal Candidate, West Assiniboia.

the young. After that he dropped into his aunt's quite often and began to pay Deane the thousand and one little attentions which he had paid to so many other girls in just the same way. To Harold it meant just a pretty and pleasant companion for the winter festivities; to Deane it meant a good deal more. She often compared an evening spent in his company to that of one spent with Clyde. Harold had various means of entertainment, could talk well on almost any subject, and both sing and play beautifully, while Clyde was decidedly dull. Clyde's letters had ceased after the first month, as she had neglected answering them. Soon the time drew near for going home and it was with many a sigh that she said good-bye to her friends and prepared to spend the summer at Y—.

Many were the invitations that Harold received to go to Y—, but to all he made a laughing reply, neither accepting nor rejecting, but showing all too plainly that he was not at all particular about visiting her home. Perhaps he saw that she was beginning to care too much and was generous enough not to wound further.

Capt. and Mrs. Pollen gloried in having their daughter home again and Deane prepared for a series of picnics, boating excursions, etc., but Clyde held aloof from all the merry-making and did not even spend one evening with Deane after her return home.

Harold had come to Y— with his football team, but failed even to call, and Deane had too much pride to show anyone that she cared, and gradually, while Clyde still kept his distance, she became more interested in him, as she had put all thoughts of Harold out of her mind, for she had gradually come to realize how superficial his character was, and she would not allow her heart to go where her head did not approve.

Capt. Pollen ran a small steamer between Y— and P—, making two trips a week, taking one day to go there and one for the return trip. P— was a much larger town than Y— and Deane often shopped there.

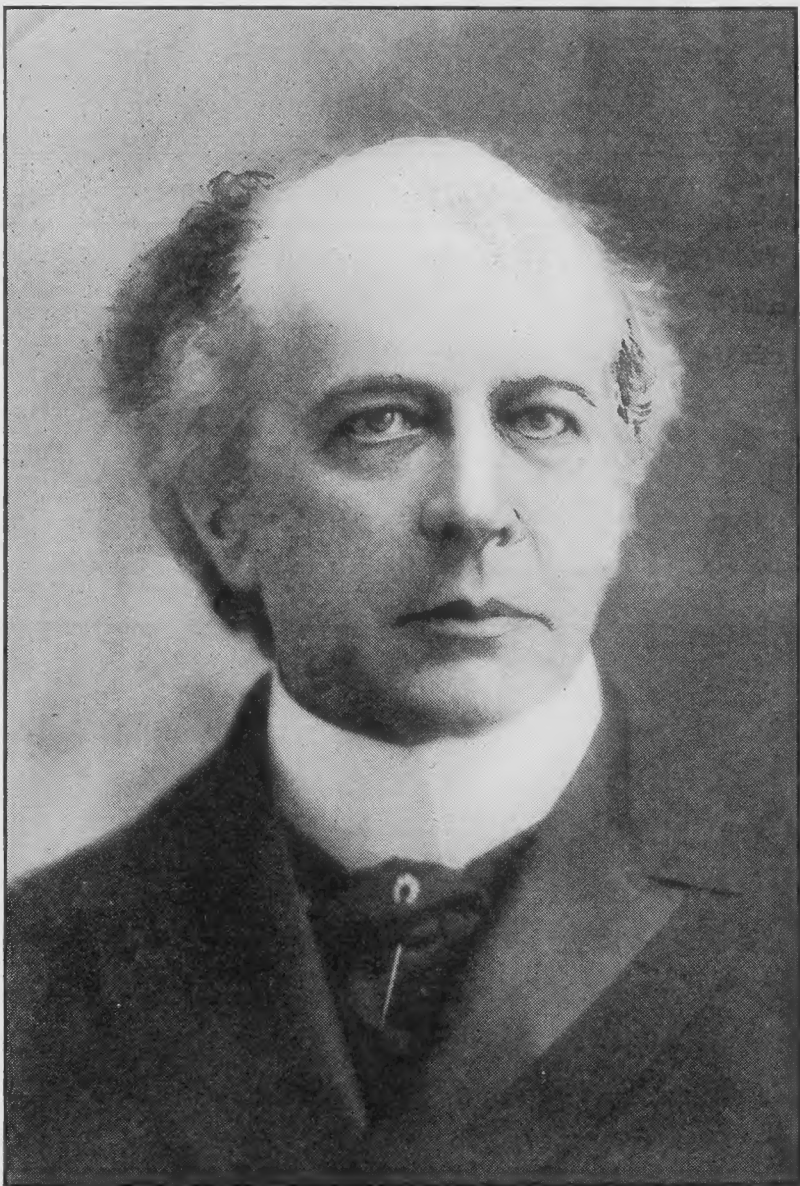
Towards the last of June, having a large order to fill out, she delighted her father by telling him of her intended trip. Wednesday morn was bright and fair, and Deane, looking as fair as the morning, went down to the steamer at 8.30. She found that Clyde had already taken passage and she was rather glad of his company. Clyde would have backed out if he could have done so without being conspicuous, but having told several on the wharf that he was going, it would only cause comment if he were to remain.

The passage across was made in good time. Deane found Clyde a cheerful and thoughtful companion. When they got into

P—he helped her much with her shopping, taking her to the best places and seeing that she was shown every attention. Thursday was dark and gloomy, but the Captain thought they could port Y— before the storm burst. All went well for the first two and a half hours; then the storm arose, the sea was fearful and there was no place to take shelter. The steamer seemed to be a mere plaything with the immense waves. The storm continued to increase; Clyde had gone up to the Captain, who was at the wheel, and assured him that he would take every possible care of Deane, and the Captain knew he would keep his word. Clyde locked himself and Deane in the cabin, and

water out thro' a small window, and altho' numb and faint at times he uttered no complaint but talked cheerfully to Deane when she was able to talk to him. The steamer reached Y— about nine o'clock in a very dismantled state. The rails around the decks were torn away, and the boat would require a great deal of time and money expended on it before she would be ready for another trip, but the Captain thanked God fervently that all had been saved.

Three nights after this Clyde was sent for to go to the Captain's. It was a new Deane who met him, shy and unlike the self-possessed Deane of old. After some general conversation with Capt. and Mrs. Pollen,

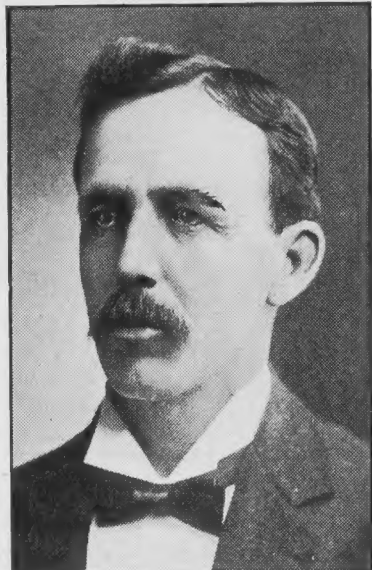


SIR WILFRID LAURIER, Prime Minister of Canada.

all through the dreadful night he sat and watched over Deane, who was at times almost unconscious and even when conscious of what was going on she seemed too stupid to understand the danger. Clyde had often to hold her in the bunk, for the rolling of the steamer would soon have shaken her out, and once or twice when he was almost sure they were going down he clasped her frantically to him.

About two hours before they reached Y—the door of the cabin was burst in, and soon the cabin held about a foot and a half of water. The door was nailed up again, and all through those long hours Clyde baled

the young people were left alone. After an awkward pause, Deane summoned up courage and said, "Do you care for me much now Clyde?" and he answered, "More than ever, Deane, but why do you open up old wounds? I'm trying hard to do without your love;" and Deane, with a shy quick blush said, "Don't be without it, for you have it," and after Clyde had released her and wanted to know how it all came about she told him that her pride and ambition had gone to the bottom of the sea in that terrible storm and her love for him had filled the empty space besides the room it had taken up before.



N. Boyd

Conservative Candidate, Portage la Prairie.

An Adventure in a Manitoba Swamp.

By Horace
De Geer

Until the time that the incident which I am about to relate took place, I had always spent my fall vacation among the lakes of Manitoba. They swarmed with wild-fowl of all descriptions, and I know of no other place where so much sport with a gun can be obtained. So, being an ardent hunter, I always found myself, for several weeks before my holiday, looking forward to it in pleasant expectation. From the day that I arrived at the farm house near Whitewater Lake, where I always put up when in that part of the country, till the time when I reluctantly took my departure, there was a continuous succession of trips after geese, ducks, cranes, or chickens. I can look back to it with pleasure now, the more so because those days are over, and I intend never to go back to the lakes again. An adventure on the last of my trips effectively cured my hunting passion, and brought on such a dread of a swamp that the sight of one makes me shudder involuntarily, and live over again in memory the terrorizing agonies of my awful experience.

That year I arrived at my friend's, Andy McGregor's, house rather late in the season. Andy was a sportsman himself and always accompanied me on my trips, if his work permitted. The ducks were plentiful and we had several days of excellent sport. My friend had a repeating shotgun, and I had a hammerless, so we used to make pretty large bags sometimes. It was seldom that we spent a half-day at it, that we did not secure a dozen apiece, and often we got more.

It was a neighborhood of sportsmen, all of them old hunters and good shots. A kind of friendly rivalry had sprung up between them and this increased whenever a "city chap" appeared on the scene. The farmers had an idea that this person could no more shoot fowl than could a graduate from a ladies' college. I am bound to say that they were nearly right in most cases, as I have seen some deplorable marksmanship and wasting of ammunition on the part of the fellow with the eye-glass.

Personal references, however, are always



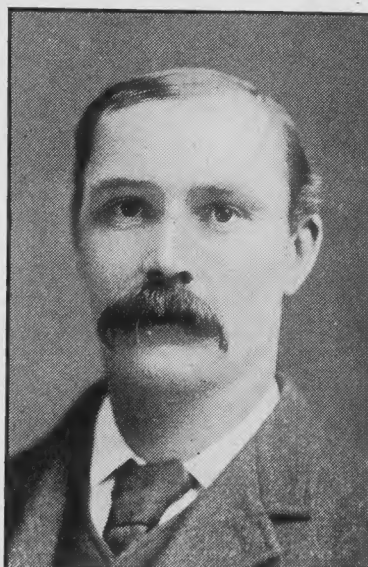
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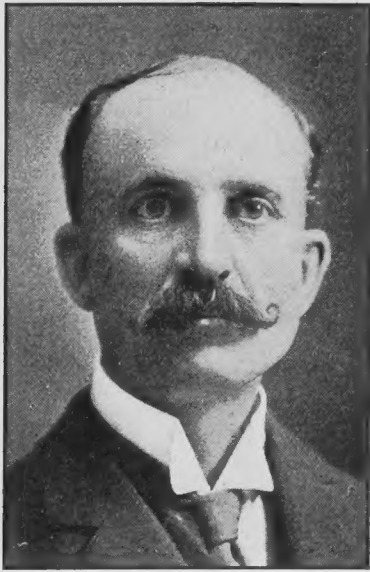
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Hon. S. J. Jackson

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Theo. A. Burrows

Liberal Candidate, Dauphin.

more striking than general ones. One evening Andy and I went up to the post-office after supper, to get our mail. A rather stout man, the keeper of the office, squeezed my hand as Andy introduced him to me as "Cap. Kellar, a good Tory, and the best shot in Turtle Mountain."

The talk turned on hunting and Cap. told us several good yarns. In the course of the conversation, he made several slighting references to the shooting of city men. Being one of those gentry myself, I naturally "took up" his assertions, and made the statement that I, by no means an exceptional shot, yet considered myself as good a marksman as most men, farmers or not.

"Suppose," I said, "that you pick out some mark and let's have a try at it."

"No sir," answered Cap., "most men can hit a standing mark, and a good majority can hit a running one. But the hardest mark to hit is a flying one, and I tell you, Mister, that is the only test of good shooting. Now," he continued, "I'll tell you what. I was out on the lake yesterday, and I bagged sixteen brace of ducks. That's right! any of the hands will tell you so. Now, any day you like, you try to bag thirty-two ducks. If you can, you will prove that you city chaps can shoot as good as us farmers. How does that strike you?"

He said the last words with a smile that rather nettled me. I took him up immediately, and offered to bet that I would equal the bag in less than a week. After a little more banter, Andy and I strolled around to the stables, leaving Cap. smoking his pipe at the house. I questioned some of the men as to the truth of Cap's statement of his bag, but found that he had undoubtedly done what he said, unaided.

On the way home my friend told me several stories of Cap's prowess as a hunter, and these increased my determination to prove myself as good a shot as he.

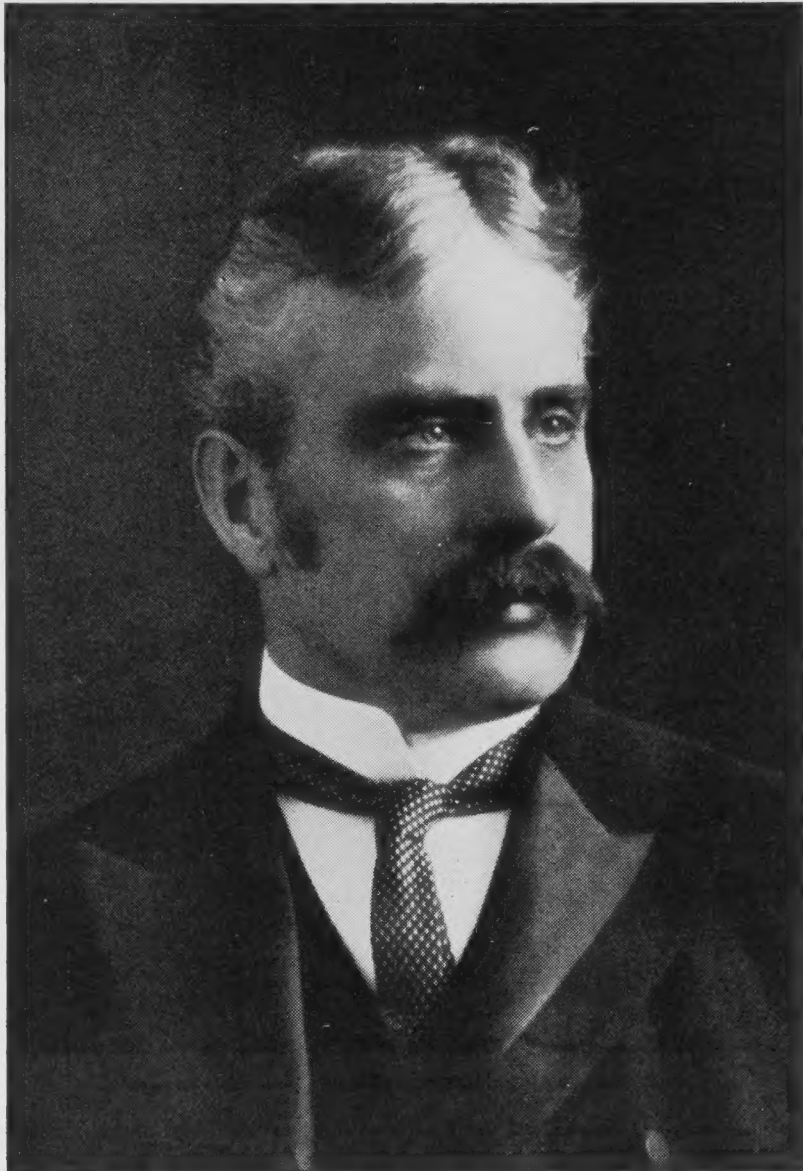
Andy was busy now and could not accompany me on my trips. For two days the shooting was indifferent and I made but small bags. On the third day it was raining when I woke, and quite a heavy wind was blowing. My friend was going to town on business, and soon after breakfast, putting on my rain-proof clothes and stuffing my pockets with cartridges, I strode off over the dank, musty-smelling fields to the lake. When I arrived, I saw by the flocks flying over the lake that the ducks were out on the water, feeding on the tender shoots of the water grass that reaches nearly to the surface of the water. As I expected, the birds were in their element in the rain and wind, and numerous flocks flew about everywhere. I saw that the chief flight lay between the swamp at the west of the lake,

and the central and best part of the feeding ground. In this line I resolved to ensconce myself, in one of the many clumps of rushes that dotted the shallower part of the lake. It was an ideal day for sport, and I had high hopes of equalling Cap's bag.

There was a punt boat on the shore, somewhat old and leaky, but good enough for my simple wants. I laid my belongings into it, and, wielding a rough board paddle, set off for my retreat. I passed near the marsh a large expanse of rushes and blue mud, with some deeper pools in which I knew the mallards were even now contentedly feeding. But I thought that my best plan was to follow my original idea, as to shoot in the swamp would soon rouse the birds and cause a cessation of the flights.

Never before had I seen such an abundance of game. Chance seemed to be playing into my hand, for by noon I had twenty-six fine birds in my boat. The wind had fallen and the rain had almost ceased, and the ducks were becoming scarcer. However, I had all the afternoon before me and I had little doubt that I should be able quite easily to bag another half-dozen. I had provided against the contingency of staying out all day, by putting some lunch in my pocket. This I now despatched, and after smoking a cigar I felt that I should be all right until supper.

Just as I was finishing my meal, I heard a sound behind me, and looking around, saw a flock of Canadian geese flying slowly over the water towards me. They were



MR. ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, K. C.

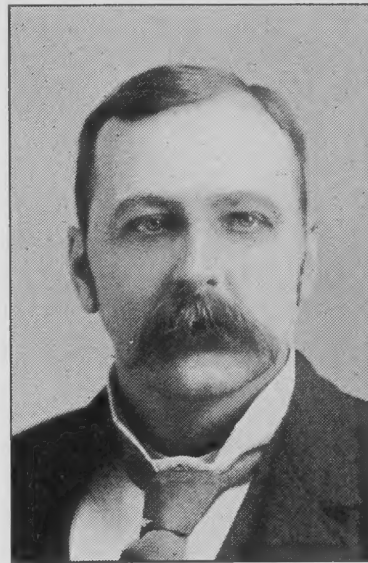
Out on the water, however, securely hid, and with the sound of the waves and wind to drown my shots, I believed I would not alarm my game either in the swamps or at the feeding ground.

In a few minutes I had my boat securely hid in the rushes, and results soon confirmed my hopes. The flocks came constantly, and as I poured two barrels of No. 5 shot into every one that came near me, I soon had a respectable bag. I paddled out now and then to collect my game, but this didn't frighten the birds, as they flew by as soon as I had rehid myself.

probably the first arrivals and were big fellows, weighing from twelve to twenty pounds. Fortunately I had a couple of shells loaded with large shot. I hastily crammed these into my gun and sat waiting till the flock should come within range.

They came swooping slowly along and passed within fifteen yards of my retreat. As they came opposite I aimed for a bunch of them and fired. Two dropped at once and a third a second later. The rest, wheeling round, were soon out of sight.

I felt that I stood a pretty chance of squaring accounts with the postmaster, but



Dr. Schaffner

Conservative Candidate, Souris.

I determined to set off to the swamp and pick up a few more ducks. Accordingly I conducted my craft, now well loaded, toward the expanse of blue mud and water glittering in the light of the sun, which was now shining brightly.

I was pretty warm when I reached the swamp, but I was rewarded, as I rounded the first island of rushes, by the sight of a large flock of ducks feeding near by. They had not seen me, so I managed to get another island between me and them and paddled closer. When I reached the clump I had an excellent shot. I banged one barrel into a bunch of them on the sit, and the other at them as they rose. I had the satisfaction of seeing five birds lying on the water.

A few moments afterwards a couple of mallards flew within range, and I shot one. I now had thirty-two ducks and three geese in the boat, and might creditably have gone home. But it was not yet one o'clock and I had no inclination to return. I believed I could increase my bag to such an extent as to make Cap. take back what he had said. It would have been much better if I had been content with the laurels I had already won.

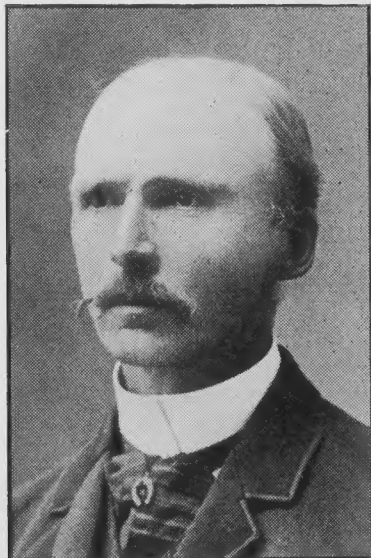
I paddled into the intricate channels of the swamp till I was in the central part of it. Suddenly a loud whirr of wings sounded in front of me and a large bird flew out of the water. At first I thought it was a goose, but a second look told me that it was an immense canvas-back duck. These birds were rather rare and I had never seen so large a one as this, so I raised my gun. At the report, one of his legs dropped and the feathers fell, but he continued on his way. I would have given him another shot but to my chagrin I found that my ammunition was exhausted.

As I stood gazing after the bird, I saw him suddenly reel and fall straight downwards. He was either dead or badly wounded, so I paddled after him, but he was on a large expanse of mud on which my boat soon grounded. The bird was not dead but was waddling off slowly on one leg, with the aid of his wings. The mud was smooth and firm-looking, so I sprang out of the boat and floundered after the retreating duck, sinking over my ankles at every step.

Just as I was about to seize my game I sank deeper into the mud, and glancing about me, I saw that I had run into a piece of sticky, mucky mud that often drew the animals of the farmers down to their deaths.

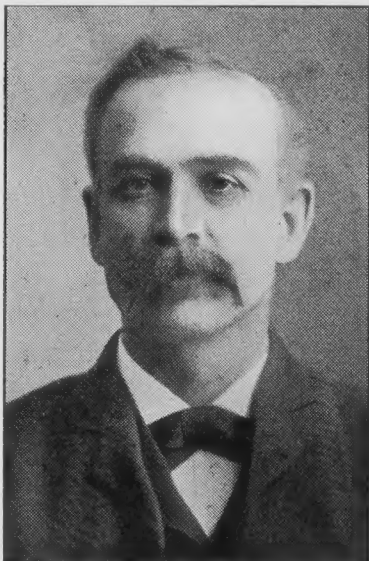
I pulled at one foot and the other sank deeper. I reversed this and both sank. In a minute I had sunk to my knees and the mud, like glue, was drawing me down with what seemed to me an irresistible force.

I had kept the paddle in my hands and this I now passed behind me and caught it at either end with my hands so that the



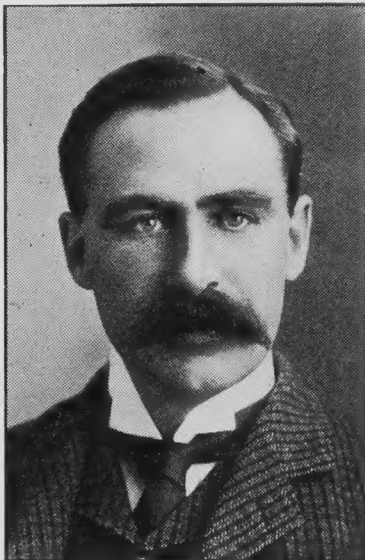
I. R. Brigham

Conservative Candidate, East Assiniboia.



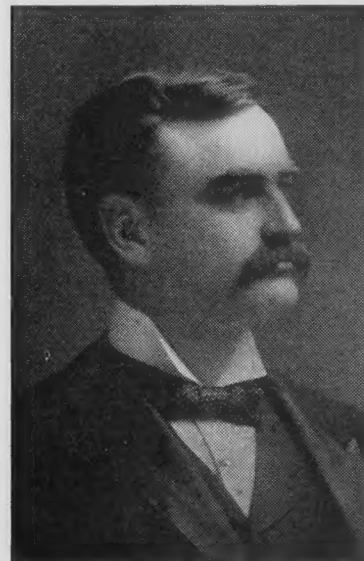
John Crawford

Liberal Candidate, Portage la Prairie.



R. S. Lake

Conservative Candidate, Qu'Appelle.



R. L. Richardson

Independent-Conservative, Brandon.



S. L. Head
Liberal Candidate, Marquette.

broad part was resting at my back. Then I bent backwards till I lay flat on the mud, realizing that the more surface I presented to the yielding mass, the longer I would be sinking. For several minutes I strove to extricate myself, but my fruitless efforts only caused me to sink deeper into the mud. The sun was now burning down upon my uncovered head.

I tried to think of my position. Here I was, several miles from any human habitation, in the midst of the mazes of an immense swamp. Andy might not return until late, and even if he did he would not look for me till after supper. I had heard no one else shooting at the lake since noon, and in all probability no one would come to the lake unless Andy, as he often did, came down after supper to get a shot at something. I judged that it was now about two o'clock. That meant that I must hold out for over four hours, when, if I was alive, I could perhaps make Andy hear my shouts, if he came, at the shore, which was distant about a quarter of a mile. The chances were slender and it seemed impossible that I should not sink long before that time expired, as half my body was already immersed. Is it any wonder that my courage gave way at the prospect of such a death?

Here I lay, in a helpless and awful condition, every moment sinking, sinking slowly down to a horrible and incomprehensibly terrible death. From the millions of insects which had been caught, and from the decaying vegetable matter, rose a horrible stench which almost shut out the pure air and soon left me with wide-open mouth, panting for breath. The sun burned pitilessly down upon me, blistering my flesh through my clothes, and making me swelter in agony. A burning thirst soon consumed me and I felt that I would have given all I possessed in the world for one drink of pure, cold water. My throat became swollen, my face burnt and blistered, my eyes bloodshot and burning. My hands were now deeply sunken in the mud and I rested all my weight on my arms resting on the paddle, to keep my body from sinking. Despite the cool, slimy mud in which my body was resting, the heat of the sun and my thirst made me burn inwardly as if on fire, and I am telling the truth when I say that before I had been in my position half an hour, I prayed for death.

It is not strange that, under such circumstances, one's mind should begin to wander. My thoughts at length became indistinct and my brain, heated by the fever, heat of the sun and by my wild terror, became filled with distorted imaginings. Before I lost knowledge of my surroundings, I found that the paddle had rested on some obstacle, else at the rate at which I had been sinking at first, I would long ago

have been submerged. I afterwards found out that the paddle was resting on the upturned bottom of an old boat which had been sunk and was lying on the firm bottom underneath the five feet of mud. Since the paddle was now supported by something firm, I could ease somewhat the strain on my arms, which, however, was not very great on account of their being surrounded by the thick mud.

I was now assured that I would not die by sinking in the mud, but I was scarcely glad. My awful physical condition was worse than death.

Soon I became incoherent in thought, then absolutely crazy. I raved, shrieked, laughed, cried, yelled, and sung. I cursed, prayed, moaned and was silent. My brain was

the mud by the side of it. He immediately guessed what had happened, and set out immediately with his horse and rig, calling his two men in from the fields to accompany him. They threw a rope in the buggy and set out at full speed, arriving in a few minutes at the lake. There was an old boat of Cap. Kellar's moored to a post a short distance from the shore, and they were soon in this, poling it towards the swamp.

Once in the swamp, they were easily guided to me by my shrieks and ravings. They stopped before their boat grounded, and Andy, with two broad boards in his hand, waded out to where the treacherous mud began. Then he placed one board on the mud and stepped on it, placing the other down when he came to the end of it. He carried



HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON, Liberal Candidate, Brandon.

on fire, my body enduring all the torturing agonies of hell. Sweltering, blistered, swollen, burning, helpless and weak, I lay there. My swollen eyes were bulging from my sockets, the skin was peeling from my face as the blistering sun poured down on it, and a deadly thirst burned me internally.

I have a dim recollection of myself as a raving maniac, praying for death. Then I lost all consciousness.

I learned afterwards that Andy had returned from town about four o'clock. He had had some spare time on his hands and had determined to come and join me until supper. Then it occurred to him that he did not know in what part of the lake I was, so he took his field glasses and went up in the top of his barn to take a look. After a long search he descried the empty boat, through a small opening in the rushes, and in a few moments, something stretched out

the first with him and set this down, and so on. He proceeded till he came to the spot where I was lying. He scooped a kind of hole under my shoulders and managed to pass a rope around them. Then he and the men in the boat pulled, and at length hauled me out and back to the boat. Andy proceeded back as he had come, and they made their way to shore, where I was placed in the buggy and driven home.

When I awoke it was to the blessed sensation of cool, dry sheets and a damp cloth on my forehead. I was in bed, and had been for a long time, they told me. My awful experience had brought a nervous shock to my whole system, and I had had a touch of brain fever.

I have never been the same man since, and I am resolved to give ducks and swamps a wide berth as long as I live.

I may say in concluding that my game



A. W. Puttee
Labor Candidate, Winnipeg.

was brought home, that Cap. saw it, and somewhat reluctantly admitted that some city chaps, at least, could shoot pretty good. Be that as it may, he need have no fear that I will ever try again to rival him. The horrors of my experience still occasionally visits me, and sometimes I wake up in a cold sweat, as I imagine myself back in the swamp. These reminders are amply sufficient to do away with any lingering desires which may sometimes prompt me to visit my old haunts in search of sport.



Don't Overwork the Boys.

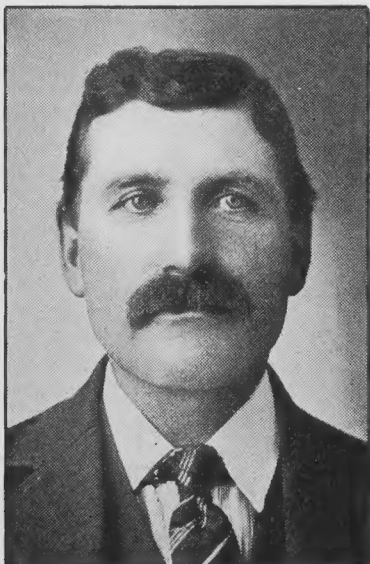
There is a great deal said these days about the care we should give to our young girls. Not a word too much has been spoken or written on the subject; but do not forget that a similar caution should be used in the case of the boys. They are so strong and active that mother is apt to watch them less carefully than she watches the girls, and father is too busy in the hurry of the work to be cautious. The average boy on a farm is eager to take a man's place. The hours are long from sun-rise to dinner time, but his pride will keep him from owning his exhaustion. He is growing rapidly, his muscles lack the solidity and strength of maturity, yet he plunges eagerly into the work of a man, lifts heavy bundles or runs machinery from dawn till dark.

It does the boy good to feel that he is a man. Do not discourage him or let him see that his services are in the least at a discount. But keep an eye on him. See that he does not over-lift; have luncheon on the long, hot days; do not hurry the nooning; hire an extra hand, if need be, that the boy may have another hour's sleep in the morning. See to it that when he goes out into the world for himself he shall not be hampered by an injured physical frame, but that, so far as his parents can control it, he shall at least have had the opportunity to attain to a perfect physical manhood. Don't overwork the boys!



The Mules' Vacation.

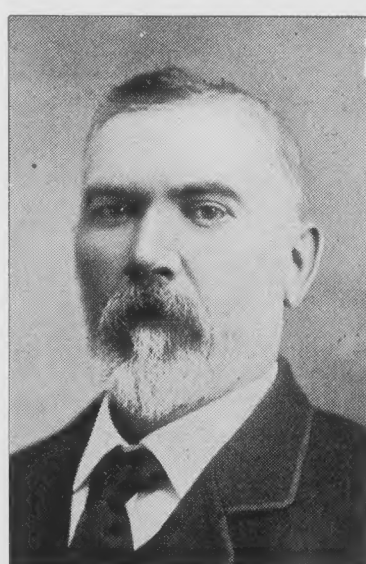
During the strikes in the Pennsylvania many of the mules that had not been on the top of the ground for years, were brought up and turned out to pasture. Observers say that their antics were amusing enough. At first they were unable to see, having so long been accustomed to the gloom of their underground homes. Once used to the light they stepped about most cautiously, as if afraid to venture far on the yielding sod. They sniffed the grass, with no thought of eating it, and only after several days seemed in any way to enjoy their freedom. Then their awkward grown-up gambols were half pathetic to witness, for they seemed themselves to be chagrined at their own attempts at pleasure.



G. M. Annable
Conservative Candidate, West Assiniboia.



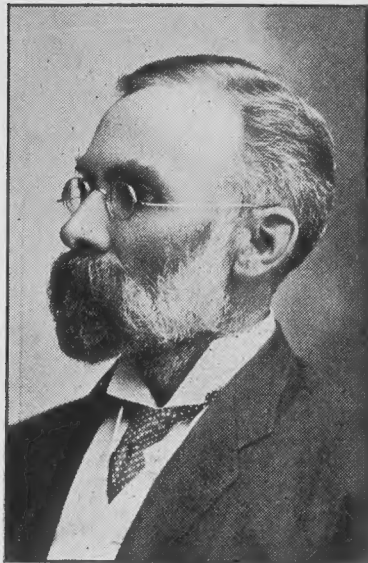
Levi Thompson
Liberal Candidate, Qu'Appelle.



John Herron
Conservative Candidate, Alberta.



J. E. Cyr
Liberal Candidate, Provencher.



D. W. Bole

Liberal Candidate, Winnipeg.

More or Less Pungent.

Funny advertisements:

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Wanted, experienced nurse for bottled baby."

"Furnished apartment suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Wanted a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Lost a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle."

"Wanted by a respectable girl, her passage to New York, willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday."

"For sale—a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin."

"A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted an organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."—Lyte.

Some Funny Places for Ears.

A wise man's eyes are in his head, and his ears also, but these latter organs in some animals are placed quite otherwise. Fishes, for example, have both ears in their head, and also structures in the skin of the body which help them to perceive any movements in the water. A dark line, easily seen along either side of a fish's body, is the seat of such organs.

If you examine a lobster or prawn, you will find two pairs of horns, or feelers, sticking out of its head, one pair being large, another small. Lodged in each small feeler is a little bag opening to the outside, which enables the creature to hear.

There is a little shrimp, the opossum shrimp, which has an ear imbedded in each side flap of his tail, quite the wrong end of it. Shell fish, such as mussels and cockles, are blessed with a single fleshy foot which sticks out from the under side of the body, and is used to shove the animal along. Two little bag-like ears are contained in this, so that the creature can listen to his own footsteps, so to speak.

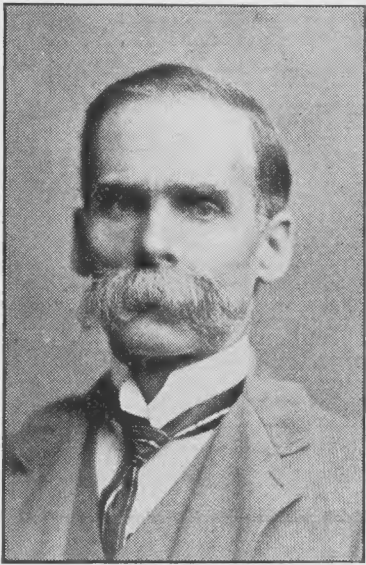


M. S. McCarthy

Conservative Candidate, Calgary.

Flies and other sorts of insects carry one pair of feelers on the head, and there is reason to think that these enable their possessor not only to feel but also to smell and hear. Such things as grasshoppers go in for a pair of ears contained in two out of their six legs, and these are constructed to appreciate the "chirping" noise we hear in the country during the summer time.

And we may suppose that Mother Grasshopper has to box her unruly offspring's ears by smiting his legs.—Selected.

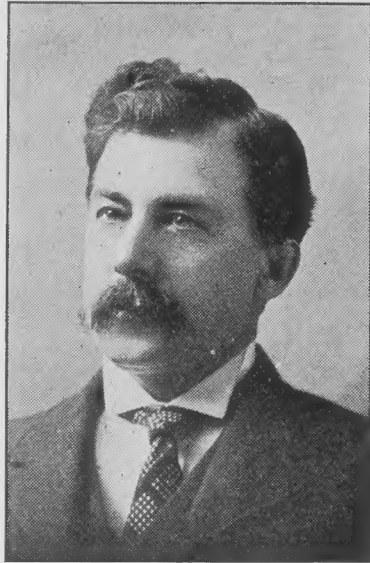


F. Oliver

Liberal Candidate, Edmonton.

Inventor of the Lucifer Match.

There have been many claimants to the honor of being the maker of the first lucifer match. But a recent discovery of some old account books at Stockton-on-Tees affords documentary evidence which proves beyond question that one John Walker, a Durham chemist, was the original inventor and maker of the match. According to a diary in which Walker carefully noted all his business transactions, the first box of matches was sold for 1s. 6d. in April, 1827. It appears that they at once became popular, and



J. G. Turriff

Liberal Candidate, East Assiniboia.

people traveled from the adjacent towns to purchase them. Walker employed the poor of Stockton to split the wood, but dipped them in the phosphorous mixture to ensure their perfection. The inventor was pressed by his friends to patent the process; he refused, however, affirming that he had ample means to satisfy his simple wants.

More matches are now used in the United Kingdom than in any other country in the world. It has been estimated that English people use an average of eight matches each person per day.—Irish Grocer.



A. A. C. La Riviere

Conservative Candidate, Provencher.

An Intelligent Horse.

We have before us an interesting account of an intelligent horse, kind, good-natured and very fond of fun.

One day four boys undertook to ride on his bare back. He walked off, apparently almost asleep, until he reached a stream of water, into which he walked and laid down, emptying all the four boys into the water, and then turning, galloped home.

It reminds of a little account that Father Haskins, founder of the House of Angel



O. Bush

Conservative Candidate, Strathcona.

Guardian, Boston, once told us: how, stopping at a little inn near Rome, a woman came by, driving a donkey loaded with panniers of eggs. The woman had been accustomed to allow the donkey to feed there, but, being late this day, attempted to drive him on without stopping. The result being that he laid down, rolled over first on one side, then on the other, and smashed all the eggs in both panniers; which made it unnecessary for the woman to go to Rome.

A dying fire may often be coaxed into life by scattering over the embers a tablespoonful of granulated sugar.

If soot should fall on the carpet, cover it with salt before attempting to sweep it up. It will then be removed easily and cleanly.

When grease is spilled on the kitchen floor pour cold water upon it at once. This will harden it and prevent its soaking into the boards.

The tender leaves and small ends of the stalks of celery should never be thrown away. If dried they are found excellent for flavoring soups.

To prevent rugs from curling at the corners bind them on the under side with a piece of narrow webbing like that used to hold furniture springs in place.

To renew velvet, cover the face of a flat-iron with a wet cloth; hold the wrong side of the velvet next to this cloth until thoroughly steamed, then brush the pile with a soft brush.

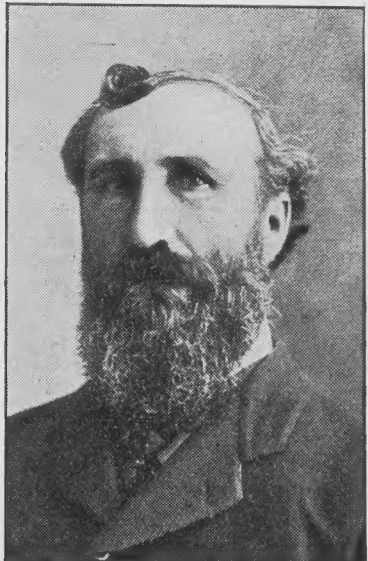
A brilliant black varnish suitable for iron, stone, wood and concrete is made by stirring ivory black in ordinary shellac varnish. It should be applied to the surface when the article to be coated is quite cold. This is a useful varnish for fireplaces.

The habit of blaming others when things go wrong is an insidious and dangerous one. Far more is it to the purpose to inquire within whether the fault, or much of it, may not lie at home.

Live not for selfish aims. Live to shed joy on others. Thus best shall your own happiness be secured; for no joy is ever given freely forth, that does not have quick echo in the giver's own heart.

Courage! Courage is everything! It is inseparable from all real worth of any kind. The average woman needs it not less than does the deep sea diver. It takes more courage to live and it takes still more courage to enjoy living.

We all love those who do us good, and hate those who do us harm—a law which has neither been given us by man, nor can they annul it when they choose—but it is the universal and eternal law of nature, bestowed upon all who have common sense, and which will ever remain in force.



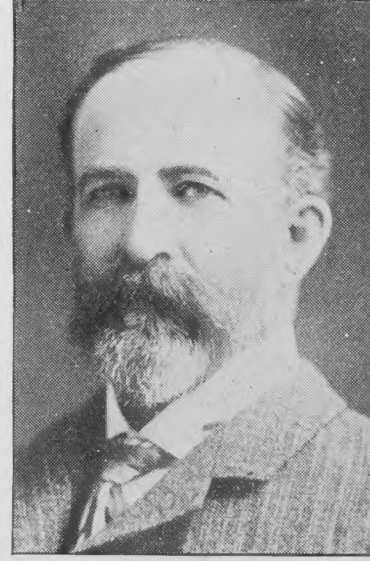
Dr. Cash

Liberal Candidate, Mackenzie.



P. Talbot

Liberal Candidate, Strathcona.



W. W. Coleman

Conservative Candidate, Selkirk.



W. S. Evans

Conservative Candidate, Winnipeg.



Dr. Patrick

Conservative Candidate, Mackenzie.

Man's Best Friend.

Kennel writers laugh at the trite phrase, "man's best friend," which they hear so often used in reference to the dog. Yet the title is one just and accurate. The dog is actually and absolutely man's best friend. He was born so. It is the fate, the destiny of the dog, to be the friend of man. Why this should be the case we do not know. Not long ago we mentioned the fact that of all wild animals the wolf seems to be the one which inspires the greatest instinctive terror in the soul of man. This fear of the wolf perhaps accounts for the instinctive fear of dogs which is shared by so many persons. And yet, while we suppose the dog to be a descendant of the wolf, man accepts and has always accepted the dog as his friend, and as the instinctive enemy of the wolf itself; thus curious being some of the ways of life. This strange friendship between man and the dog has been a matter of investigation and scientific comment on the part of many distinguished men. No less an artist than Maurice Maeterlinck writes upon the theme, and his words may perhaps make us less inclined to smile when we hear the hackneyed phrase of "man's best friend." There are many writers of sporting stories who praise their dogs with less understanding and less beauty of diction than does Maeterlinck in the following words:

"He is our intimate and passionate slave, which nothing discourages, which nothing repulses, whose ardent faith and love nothing alters, and has given over himself, body and soul, without afterthought, without change of mind, without reserving his independence, his instinct, and his character. With a certitude, an ease, and a simplicity that surprise us, judging us better and more powerful than anything else that is, he deserts, to our profit, the entire animal kingdom to which he belongs, and dis-



Geo Patterson

Liberal Candidate, Souris.

owns without scruple his race, his kindred

"The better to serve us, the better to adapt itself to our divers needs, he has taken all forms and has known how to vary infinitely the faculties, the aptitudes, which he places at our disposal. Must he help us to pursue the game of the plains? His limbs are lengthened proportionately, his snout grows slender, his lungs enlarge, he becomes swifter than the hare. Is our prey concealed under the woods? The docile genius of the race, foreseeing our desires, offers the terrier, a sort of 'serpent,' almost footless, that can slip into the thickest jungles. Do we demand that he watch our flocks? The same complacent genius grants the necessary statute intelligence, energy and vigilance. Do we desire him to guard and defend our house? His head grows round and monstrous, in order that his jaw may become more powerful, more redoubtable, and more tenacious. Do we descend with him toward the south? His hair shortens and thins, so that he may faithfully accompany us under the rays of the most ardent sun. Do we mount northward? His feet enlarge, the better to tread the snow, his fur thickens so that the cold need not oblige him to abandon us. Is he destined but for our toy, to amuse our leisure, to adorn and animate the house? He is invested with a grace and a sovereign elegance, he renders himself smaller than a doll to sleep on our knees in the fire corner, or even consents to appear ridiculous if our caprice so elects. You do not find in the immense crucible of nature a single living being which has shown an analogous suppleness, a parallel abundance of forms, an equally prodigious faculty for adaptation to our desires. It is sweet that on this planet, where we are as solitary as unknown kings, there is a being that loves us. He has an infinite and certain ideal."



Hon. Thos. Greenway

Liberal Candidate, Lisgar.

The Earliest Incubators.

White's Class Advertising says:—Almost as varied as are the characteristics of man are the methods of incubator makers. The idea of hatching eggs by artificial means is over two thousand years old and yet some people complain of poor hatches. Tradition says the Egyptians had the first incubators, which were underground rooms kept at an even temperature, to which the people brought the eggs and when hatched the young chicks were taken away and cared for by their owners. Such hatching places at one time extended over Egypt, Damascus and Palestine.

The French next took up the idea and Charles VII, and Francis I. did much to encourage the plan.

Mr. John Champion in 1770 is said to be the first man in England to hatch chickens by fire. He used a room through which passed two heated flues, the eggs being placed upon a round table in the centre.

Early in the 19th century Americans took up the idea and since then many ideas have been evolved. The developments were slow at first but about 1875 several persons made improvements which caught public favor and the industry took new life and grew rapidly.

The incubators of to-day while all aim at the same purpose, yet they display a great variety of forms and material in their make-up. There is the well made machine with piano finished case, finely polished metal attachments, and heavy brass lamps and, on the other extreme, we have the machine with rough material, ordinary paint finish and the only demand of any part of its make up is, will it do the work. Then, again, we have the hot water, hot air and hen heat incubators.

A little smile to day may be worth the most eloquent funeral sermon tomorrow.



Dr. Stewart

Liberal Candidate, Calgary.

Facts About Man.

The average weight of an adult is 140 lbs., 6 oz. The average weight of a skeleton is about 14 lbs.; number of bones, 240. The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man. The average weight of the brain of a man is 3½ lbs.; of a woman, 2 lbs., 11 oz. The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal. The average height of an Englishman is 5 ft., 9 in.; of a Frenchman, 5 ft., 4 in.; and of a Belgian, 5 ft., 6¾ in. The average weight of an Englishman is 150 lbs.; of a Frenchman, 135 lbs.; of a Belgian, 140 lbs.

The average number of teeth is 32.

A man breathes about 20 times in a minute, or 1,200 times an hour. A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upward of 7 hogsheads in a day. A man gives off 4.08 per cent. carbolic gas of the air he respires; respires 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in 24 hrs.; consumes 10,667 cubic feet of oxygen in 24 hrs., equal to 125 cubic inches of common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 lbs. of carbon. The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

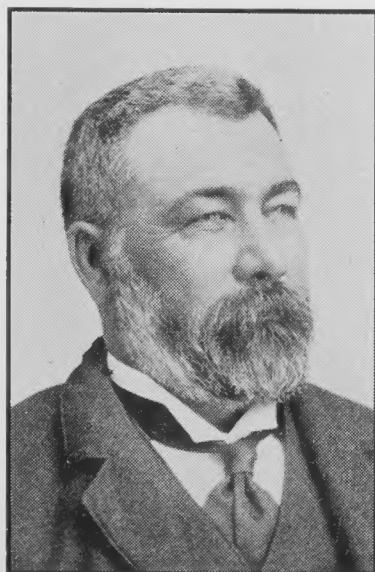
The weight of the circulating blood is about 28 lbs. The heart beats 75 times in a minute; sends nearly 10 lbs. of blood through the veins and arteries each beat; makes four beats while we breathe once; 540 lbs., or 1 hogshead, 1¼ pints of blood pass through the heart in one hour; 12,000 lbs., or 24 hogsheads, 4 gallons, or 10,782½ pints pass through the heart in 24 hours; 1,000 oz. of blood pass through the kidneys in one hour; 174,000,000 holes or cells are in the lungs, which would cover surface 30 times greater than the human body.

If thou canst wipe away the tears or cause a smile to brighten the soul of a sorrow-laden brother, or canst lead him to the adoration of the good and beautiful, thou shalt have more real enjoyment and happiness than all the pleasures and joys of the world can give you.



Jas Riddell

Liberal Candidate, Macdonald.



Thos. McKay

Conservative Candidate, Saskatchewan.



W. D. Staples

Conservative Candidate, Macdonald.

John Broderick's

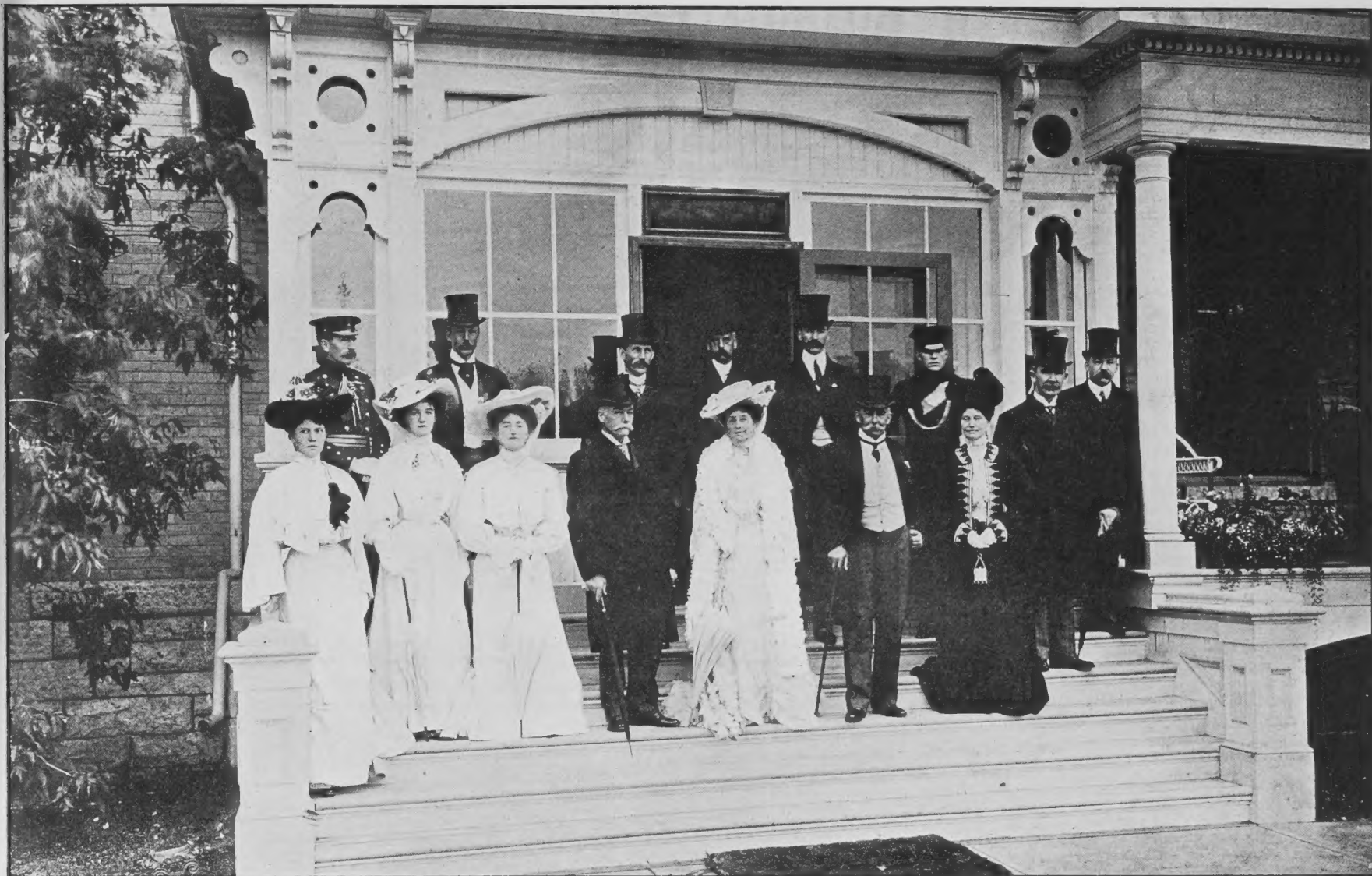
Cure for

Drunkenness

Will cure your husband or your son of the Liquor Habit. Let me send the "Story of My Cure" free. It will tell you how to cure anyone of their desire for strong drink.

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Miss McMillan. Lady Ruby Elliott. Lady Eilen Elliott. Sir D. H. McMillan. Lady Minto. Lord Minto. Lady McMillan

LORD MINTO AND PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WINNIPEG.



DEDICATION SERVICES AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE COLORS BY LORD MINTO AT WINNIPEG.

Childish Politeness.

From an old number of the Bazaar clipped the following, which gives to-day quite as much "food for thought" as when it was written:

A mother was lamenting the fact that her children were rude to other little girls and boys who came in to play with them. "They mortify me dreadfully," she complained. "They treat their guests as they treat one another, and not as company."

An elderly relative who chanced to be present, asked:

"And why not? You wish them to be natural, do you not?"

"Why, yes," was the hesitating answer, "I suppose so. But they must be polite, must they not?"

"Certainly," said the frank relative. "They should be both natural and polite. To be rude should be the unnatural thing. From the first they should have been taught to be polite to one another as they would be to outsiders."

The weary mother sighed helplessly. She had not trained her children in that way. Few mothers do. In too many homes, brothers and sisters, from babyhood up to the time they have reached man's and woman's estate feel that to one another they may speak as rudely and brusquely as they like. Naturally, if they treat other children with courtesy, it is with a forced courtesy, and sits ill upon them. In one household the parents insist that the small people shall be courteous to one another. "Do this," "Give me that," "Yes!" "No!" are forbidden forms of speech. A request must always be preceded by a "Please," and a favor received with a "Thank you," while even the tiniest of the bairns remembers to lisp "You're welcome" to the sister or brother who has thanked him. "Yes, Harry," "No

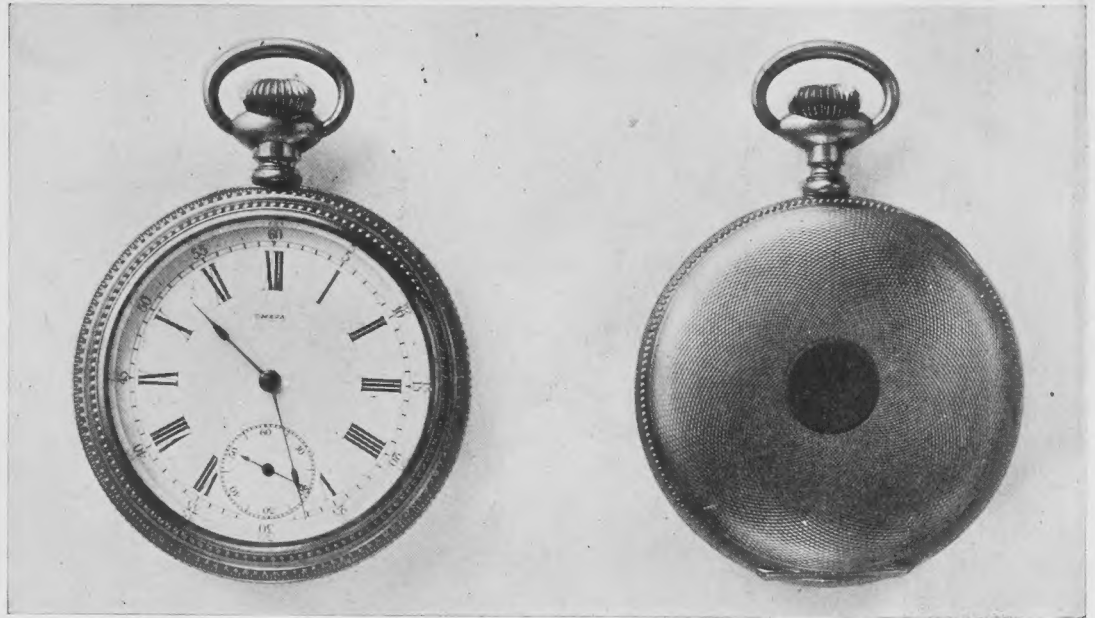
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No. 2. GENTLEMAN'S WATCH, 20 year, gold filled case, 7 jewel Waltham movement, - \$9.00.

These cases are both open face.

Our usual guarantee of two years covers each watch.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Charley," have become as much habits of speech with these little ones as are the brusque affirmatives and negatives used in many nurseries. And the mother of these boys and girls has seldom cause to blush because of her children's rudeness to outsiders.

Here is a Georgia youngster's composition on spring:

"Spring is the most delightful season of the year. It is the time when Maw tells Paw to take down the stove-pipe, an' reach for cobwebs, an' beat the carpets, an' whitewash the fence-palins, an'

move the pianner, an' hang the pictures over again, an' dig in the garden till breakfast is ready, an' then go to his work downtown; an' Paw goes off in a corner, an' swears privately, till Maw hears him. Then he whistles!"—Atlanta Constitution.



LORD MINTO'S ARRIVAL AT CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.

Boys and Girls

Luck.

Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning; living on a dollar a day if you earn two; minding your own business and not meddling with other people's.

Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch.

Luck means trusting in God and your own resources.—Max O'Rell.

WE'RE A NATION OF DYSPEPTICS

Our Stomachs Need Rest and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Give Them the Rest They Need.

Medical men declare that nine out of every ten have stomach trouble of some kind or other, that quick lunches, half-chewed food, excitement, etc., are all doing their share towards making us a nation of dyspeptics. They claim that our stomachs need rest.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets give tired stomachs rest by doing their work for them. That's why they cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all other stomach ills. Edward Rousseau, of Bruce Mines, Ont. says:—

"For upwards of ten years I was a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia. I doctored almost continually and used almost everything I could hear of, but never got any permanent relief till I used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I have taken two boxes of them and words cannot express the great good they have done me. I am now feeling like a new man."

What Makes a Girl Popular.

"I wish I knew what makes a girl popular!" is an ejaculation one often hears sighed forth by young society women, all of whom are naturally anxious to score a success in the social world.

Of course, as every one realizes, popularity is an intangible quality, and it is difficult to analyze the exact reason why one individual is a persona grata in

equally bad to run oneself down to others.

A modest assurance, if one can combine the two qualities, is far better.

This is far removed from conceit, which is of course odious.

A frank, cordial manner is the best social quality a woman can possess, but here again comes a distinction.

An over eagerness to please repels rather than attracts.

It must be a natural kindly manner



IN AUSTRALIA.

View on the Fruit Farm of D. J. Evans, at Stanley, Beechworth, Victoria, Australia. Part of the Orchard is seen on the Left.

every assemblage, and why another, who makes even more effort to please, is less considered.

Still, there are certain persons who are naturally pleasing, yet fail to make the best of themselves.

To such a little advice might be helpful, and therefore the views of a woman of experience on the subject are given.

It is a great mistake to depreciate one's own powers of attraction either to oneself or to others; the former renders you constrained and selfconscious in your manners, and, as people are very apt to take you at your valuation, it is

and frankly bestowed on all comers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Awful.

There is a little maiden
Who has an awful time;
She has to hurry awfully
To get to school at nine.

She has two little brothers:
Her tasks are awful hard;
Her playmates all are awful rough
When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty,
Who often shows her claws;
A dog who jumps upon her dress
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister
With an awful little nose,
With awful cunning dimples,
And such awful little toes.

She has two little brothers,
And they are awful boys;
With their awful drums and trumpets
They make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, Common Sense,
Come and this maid defend,
Or else I fear her awful life
Will have an awful end.

U.S. Colonel Cured of Rheumatism

So Crippled He Couldn't Walk—Absolutely Helpless till He Took the One Sure Cure.

FERROZONE

Relieved At Once—Cured Permanently Well Ever Since.

Colonel H. M. Russ, of Edwards, St. Lawrence county, N.Y., is one of the fine old heroes of the Civil war.

After being permanently cured by Ferrozone, the Colonel wrote:

"I couldn't get around without a cane, and then only with difficulty. Rheumatism took complete control of my limbs.

"The suffering was more intense than hardships on the battlefield.

"When my doctor had done his best I got Ferrozone.

"Then came a quick change.

"Ferrozone gave me comfort at once, eased the pain and took the stiffness out of my muscles.

"I am well to-day. Ferrozone cured me completely. I can jump and run like I did forty years ago."

No matter how long you have suffered Ferrozone will bring you prompt relief. It will increase your strength, renew your vitality, drive out every trace of rheumatic pain. Never known to fail; 50c. per box, or 6 for \$2.50, at all medicine dealers, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., and Kingston, Ont.

*"A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a Nail the Shoe was lost;
for want of a Shoe the Horse was lost; for want of a Horse the Rider was lost—
being overtaken by the Enemy—all for want of Care about a Horse Shoe Nail."*

Benjamin Franklin, 1758.

The Merchant who buys, or the Farmer who uses the "C" brand Horse Nails is getting the Best, and "Made in Canada." Don't buy Horse Nails because they are lower priced than the "C" brand. The best article always commands the best price; that's why our price is a little higher than any others. But, and this is important, don't forget the fact, that you only use on the average, about one-third of a pound of nails to shoe a horse; and, therefore, other brands of nails, which might cost you 25 cents a box less, only reduce the cost one-third of one cent. When you consider all that Horse Nails have to stand, you must surely conclude that "the Best are the Cheapest," that's the experience of the world. Profit by others' experience and buy the Best Horse Nails. Take care of the Nails and the shoes will take care of themselves. Buy the "C" brand men of the North West, they are "No. 1 Hard."

CANADA HORSE NAIL COMPANY
MONTREAL

Bethany and Bethlehem.

By Mrs. Julia A. Symington.

Among all the places famous in Bible story and dear to every Christian heart none are more precious than Olivet, Gethsemane and Bethany. When it was announced that we should have a carriage drive to these places our anticipations were pitched high indeed. Was this not the culmination of all our high hopes?

Going out of St. Stephen's Gate on the east we cross the Kedron, which is spanned by a small stone bridge. The Kedron is a deep ravine, dry in summer, but down which the winter torrents flow to the Dead Sea. At the head of the Valley of Kedron are the tombs of the judges hewn out of the rock which rises a few feet above the general level. The entrance facing the west is ornamented with vine leaves and fruit. The main room is damp and musty. Crawling on hands and knees we pass into a large chamber, around which a ledge extends, elevated about two feet above

Ephraim. The tomb of St. James is south, the entrance facing the city. It is ornamented with four Doric columns and the tomb-cave extends 40 feet and more into the rock. Beyond this is the tomb of Zachariah, a solid block cut out of the mountain, surmounted by a pyramid, also hewn from the rock. Each side has two columns and two half-columns; the capitals are Ionic. The sides are not finished. Some think the work was stopped by the fall of the city. On these tombs the eyes of our Lord rested as he looked down from Olivet into the Kedron. And this fact invests them with interest. But let us hasten to Bethany.

There seems to be no uncertainty as to the site of Bethany, two miles from Jerusalem. It is said the pathways, like many things in the East, remain unchanged. Bethany is situated on the southeast of a spur of the Mount of Olives, amid orchards of olive, almond

that the Creator of all things, whose throne was high and lifted up, should accept the social kindness and shelter of that humble abode in Bethany and found a rest from the din of contending factions and insults and scoffings of the godless in Jerusalem.

The Garden of Gethsemane is enclosed by stone walls and occupies the angle between the direct footpath over the Mount of Olives and the road in common use. If retirement were needed now, and rest, they could not be found in this enclosure, so near the public highway. The real place of his (Christ's) bitter agony must have been higher up the Mount in the direction of the tombs of the prophets. But we visited the enclosure twice, tried to realize the sacredness of the spot, bought some flowers of the caretaker, were presented with small branches of the descendants of the olive trees that in Christ's time shaded the garden, were shown the spot of the traitor's kiss, and I came out wondering if I at all comprehended what I had just seen. I read again the account in the fourth gospel and am ready to accept it as correct in the incidental details as well as the leading facts of the occurrence in Gethsemane.

Over a rough road we continue our drive. We can travel faster by pen, or



BETHANY.

the floor. From this chamber entrances lead to many smaller rooms which are separated from each other by strong stone doors hung on stone hinges. A narrow groove is hewn in the centre of each loculus, extending along its whole length. This groove is thought to have been for the sword or sceptre of the king. Everything about these tombs, whether for kings or judges, indicates great antiquity. Their date is unknown; possibly those who were not buried in the City of David with the good and great.

Between the small bridge across the Kedron and Silwan are four noted tombs. The most northerly is Jehoshaphat's. It is a subterranean tomb cut into the base of the mountain, in no way worthy of special notice. The next tomb down the Kedron is the tomb of Absalom, a square mass of stone hewn out of the mountain and surmounted by a dome tapering towards the top. The height is about 40 feet and the base of it is covered with heaps of small stones, which the natives threw at it when passing, in contempt for the man guilty of rebellion against his father. It is without inscription and is thought to be the pillar that Absalom reared for himself in the king's dale during his lifetime, as he was buried in a pit in the wood of

and fig trees. The modern village contains about thirty flat-roofed hovels, standing up conspicuously, among which are the ruins of an ancient church or tomb. The site of the house of Lazarus is shown in the southwest and his tomb on the southeast. To the tomb we descended from the outside by twenty-six steps, which terminated in a small chamber, damp and muddy, and from which an opening led into a still smaller room, said to be the grave of Lazarus. We thought of the poet Browning's poem on the "Raising of Lazarus," especially this line, "And he did rise, just think of it," addressing the Arab doctor. There are other tombs near the village for a long distance. The whole male population was collected on the tops of two or three houses, which were joined together. A fire was blazing on the roof. Some were earnestly talking, others were praying, and all of them were oblivious to the tourists' presence save a few women and children that held out their hands for "backsheesh." Some of the most important scenes in the life of Christ were enacted here. His omnipotent word rang out, "Lazarus, come forth!" and death was obedient; his passing blessing to his disciples; the fruitless fig tree. But impressive was the divine condescension

by our own fireside, than by carriage or by swiftest donkeys among the Judean hills. Flocks were feeding, pilgrims of every costume and language were passed on this way that Abraham may have gone to the land of Moriah. David, too, passed over this road; his son, Solomon, and Joseph and Mary when they came into the City of David to be taxed. The whole journey was thrilling with interest, for the dust under our horses' feet had been trodden by the holiest and greatest of the world's heroes of the past. We were allowed to look down 120 feet into a well curbed with hewn stone where the wise men from the East watered their camels and saw again the star that made them glad reflected in its waters. On the right, near Bethlehem, is the white mosque-like tomb of Rachel. Of course it is modern, but may mark the last resting place of Jacob's beloved wife. The words of scripture are: "And I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem." A few more tombs less pretensions, surround the spot.

Bethlehem at last came into view like a queen among all the princesses of Judah. Bethlehem has always been small and never became important for its wealth or population. The city seems to have been walled and to have had

Woman's Truest Friend

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The Greatest of Tonics



Psychine Tones up the System
However Run Down

Miss Maggie Munn, 98 Wellington street north, Hamilton, Ont., writes July 7th, 1904: "Three years ago I was run down, thin, nervous, and unfit to meet the duties of life. Was always catching cold. Psychine stopped the cough, the pains and aches, gave me new strength, a ravenous appetite, and restored me to perfect health. I have not been sick a day since that time. Psychine is a wonderful tonic, strength, and flesh producer."

The happiest results are always obtained with the use of Dr. Slocum's famous remedy Psychine. Psychine has a direct action on the blood and nerves. The many ills of the female organism are due to thin, watery blood, poor circulation, or waste of nerve force. Loss of appetite, weakness, feelings of faintness or depression, nervous prostration, anaemia, early decline, and the most varied female troubles disappear with the use of Psychine. Thousands of women and girls in Canada have found hearty, bracing health in Psychine. Psychine relieves, soothes, and strengthens the entire system. No tired, overworked woman in the land should be without Psychine.

Psychine is pronounced Si-Keen

For sale by all druggists. For further advice and information or a free sample, write Dr. Slocum, Limited, 179 King street west, Toronto, Canada. Through an enlarged laboratory, new labor-saving facilities, and recent ability to purchase raw products in Canada, Psychine, sold for years at \$1.50 per bottle, is

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WINTER NIGHTS

Should be spent in self-improvement—100 courses by mail—a college education is now within your grasp. Send your name and address to the :: :: :: ::

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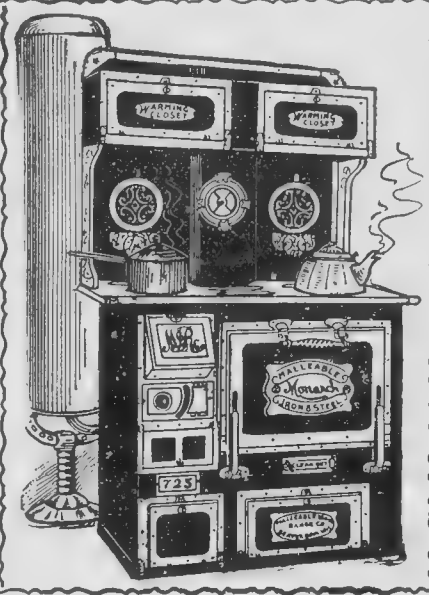
either one gate, or one of special notice. Bethlehem is mentioned in connection with the return of Zerubbabel and the captives from Babylon, but the chief interest of the world is centered in it as the birthplace of the Son of Man. It contains about six thousand inhabitants; its houses are of whitish-grey limestone; the people seem sturdy, industrious and independent; the women are decidedly superior in appearance and intelligence to any we had seen in Palestine. David, when the place was in the hands of the Philistines, longed for the "water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate." On the northwest are three cisterns hewn out of the rock; this is the traditional well of David. The citizens draw up water from them by rope and vessel attached, as they doubtless did for David. We were shown the Church of the Nativity, entering through a court by a low, iron-plated door, and thence passed into the church, which is perhaps the oldest Christian church in the world; being, it is said, the original Basilica of Constantine, enlarged and repaired. The roof is supported by forty-four columns of different materials and with various kinds of capitals, some of which were not made for the columns on which they are now placed. Birds came into the church from the gardens and sang among the rafters their sweetest song, as if in praise to Him who will not permit a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice. Passing into the transept, which is separated by a wall from the nave on the right, we descended a few steps into the Cave of the Nativity, covered by a marble slab, over which was written, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Pilgrims were on their knees kissing the stone and dipping their fingers into the oil in the golden lamps, which were burning above the cave, and smearing their faces with it, believing that it might cleanse their souls. It is quite possible a cave may have been the birthplace of Christ. Justin Martyn, I think, about the middle of the second century, says our Lord was born "in a cave very close to the village," and it is scarcely possible this tradition would be astray in a century and a half in regard to the most important event that ever occurred on earth. Whatever can be said about the Magi coming into the house and seeing the young child with Mary, his mother, there is to-day many a house in Palestine with a cave. However, in every foot of Bethlehem you feel very near the cradle of the Lord, who has brought peace on earth and good-will to men. The memory of famous deeds and mighty men—from David, who fed his father's flocks in the hills, to Christ—have made Bethlehem precious to the Christian tourist, who would fain linger longer in its streets.

To the east of Bethlehem, after passing through a fertile plain called the field of Boaz, where that idyll, the Book of Ruth, had its scene, we come to a large garden covered with olive trees and very fertile. It looked very peaceful and inviting after so much stone and sand, just where the shepherds would select their resting-place to-day if allowed, an ideal spot for even heavenly messengers to appear at night, so lovely is it even to-day. We bought a few souvenirs of Bethlehem in mother-of-pearl.

Our next place was the Pools of Solomon. The largest of the three is 532 feet long; the second, 423 feet long; the third, 380 feet long; they are constructed partly of masonry and partly hewn out of the solid rock. They follow the direction of the valley, and the one lowest down receives the overflow of the others above it. From these pools water is conveyed by an aqueduct along the brow of the hills to Jerusalem. These pools are lined with a thick coating of cement, like the upper and lower Gihon. They are of great age, and there seems to be no reason why they should not be the work of Solomon. Our guide picked many a fine bouquet for us by the way as we crossed the rough paths back to our carriages. At one of the fountains men and women were filling their goatskins and loading the donkeys with the curious-shaped water-bottles for market and other purposes. The evangelists seem so correct, even to the minutest detail in their references

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to the customs and occupations of people in this old land.

Proverbs of the Highway.

Sorrow teaches great lessons, but we'd all rather dance to the music of Joy.

Trouble comes to some of us because we spend more time in hoping for the best than we do in working for it.

Taking the world as we find it is good philosophy, but trying to take it all is quite a different matter.

There is never rain enough in the world to drown all the roses. There is always one for Love to wear on his breast

Sometimes the world rolls so close the great hereafter that one has an uncomfortable feeling that his raiment is scorching.

Some men are so good natured that if they reached heaven, they'd go to dancing if an angel happened to strike up a lively tune.

The Strength of an Egg Shell.

"As fragile as an egg-shell," seems a strange comparison since the published results of tests made by Professor Albert E. Guy to determine the actual resisting force of the shell of an egg. Professor Guy reports that the average egg withstood an internal pressure of more than forty-eight pounds to the square inch before fracturing. Two eggs, which were tested, withstood a pressure of sixty pounds each and one did not fracture until a pressure of sixty-five pounds to the square inch had been applied. When it came to resistance to external pressure, the average egg yielded 550 pounds to the square inch, one resisted until 625 pounds to the square inch had been reached and two withstood a pressure of 675 pounds to the square inch! The least external pressure at which a shell collapsed was 400 pounds to the square inch.

Flour thrown upon burning oil will instantly extinguish it, while water only spreads the flames.



Boy Wanted.

Wanted—a boy that is manly,
A boy that is kind and polite,
A boy you can always depend on
To do what he knows to be right.

A boy that is truthful and honest
And faithful and willing to work,
But we have not a place that we care to disgrace
With a boy that is ready to shirk.

Wanted—a boy you can tie to,
A boy that is trusty and true,
A boy that is good to old people
And kind to the little ones, too.

A boy that is nice to the home folks
And pleasant to sister and brother,
A boy who will try when things go awry
To be helpful to father and mother.

These are the boys who are wanted
In the workshop, the home and the store,
The world needs such boys in its business;
For them there are places galore.

These are the boys we depend on,
Our hope for the future, and then
Grave problems of state and the world's work await
Such boys when they grow to be men.

The "Know How" Counts.

It is said that a skilled mechanic once sent in the following items in a bill for a small job:

For doing the work.....	\$.25
For knowing how.....	\$4.75
Total	\$5.00

It was knowing how that added value to his services, not the mere doing. It was the years of discipline, of dry details and drudgery, the years learning the trade with little compensation, that gave the value.

Hundreds of boys in this country, to-day, are bemoaning their small salaries and lack of opportunities, when they are right in the whirlpool of business or trade, the finest school possible for them. If they would keep their eyes open, and their minds alert, and learn to see things and absorb knowledge, they would no longer complain of "no chance," or say that luck is against them. They would realize that they have been set on the road to fortune, and that, by sturdy trudging, they can arrive in triumph at the goal.—Success.

It takes a tempest for thunder; but the gracious stars shine through it, and its very winds laugh it into silence.

READ THIS—but UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

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OCTOBER, 1904.

A Prayer.

Midnight, alone. Now all is still, and night Finds me an earnest watcher till the light Of day returns, and, as in days gone by, Brings added strength and hope from God on high.

O Lord, I keep this lonely vigil here, Because I need it. In my heart no fear. I begged thy guiding voice to lead me on; It answered me and bade my care be gone.

Thy mission, Lord, I now am here to do; Be with me till my task at length is through.

Let every action be approved by Thee, And may I true to every duty be.

Lord, keep me pure in word, and thought, and deed, And when Thine inner voice speaks, help me heed!

—C. Louise Heald.

Grains of Gold.

A man with a weak chin never has sense enough to wear a full beard.

It destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being.

When man is a success he claims the credit; when he is a failure, he finds some woman to blame for it.

Should misfortune overtake you, retrench, work harder, but never retreat; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance. Should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.

A discontented woman is always an egotist and selfish. She can see things only as they affect her life, and her sympathies soon become defective. They never win confidence, for their discontent breeds distrust and doubt, and however clever they may be, their self interest so obtrudes itself that they take false views of people and things. It is useless to try to show them how little people in general care about their grievances, for they have thought about themselves so long and constantly that it seems to them the only subject of interest to their world.

About fifteen thousand artificial limbs are turned out in England every year.



C. M. HAYS, PRESIDENT GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC.

Cultivate Small Pleasures.

"The people whom I dread as guests," remarked a woman noted for her generous hospitality, "are those who have no capacity for small pleasures." Anyone who is accustomed to entertain much will easily recognize the class to which the speaker referred. They are the persons who are restless unless something is continually "going on," as they express it. They cannot enter the quiet enjoyments of the family in which they are visiting.

The walk, with no special object in view, is to them the tamest sort of recreation. They cannot understand another's delight in finding a new flower; they wonder why you go out on the veranda to view a fine sunset; the arrival of a new book—these are trifles beneath their notice. If there are children in the household, they pay no attention to their little ambitions and accomplishments. Mary's amateur playing, or John's crude attempts at painting, have little interest to the visitor who has no gift for finding happiness in small pleasures. But to find it thus enables people to grow old gracefully, and in every way is a gift worth cultivating.

Many of us are grumblers, but few of us use to the full resources of happiness that are available. Happiness depends upon the treatment of what we have and not of what we have not. Happiness is made and not found. It comes from within and not from without. The poet teaches us that, if we would after a certain age find enjoyment in life, we must become again like little children, open our hearts to the healing influences of nature and cease to despise simple pleasures.—E. J. Hardy.

We see how much some people have, and, therefore, envy them; did we see how little they enjoy, we should rather pity them.

If a few drops of vinegar be added to the water in which eggs are poached they will set more quickly and perfectly.

ANOTHER VOICE ON THE PRAIRIES

Tells of Diabetes Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

W. G. Bartleman could get no Relief till He tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

WAPELLA, Assa., N.W.T., Oct. 5—(Special)—This thriving town furnishes one of the most remarkable cures of Kidney Disease that has ever been reported on the prairies. Mr. Wm. G. Bartleman, a well-known farmer, is the man cured and he makes the following statement:

"I had Kidney Trouble and it developed into Diabetes. I went to the doctor but his treatment was of no use whatever to me. I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills in December, 1902. I took them all winter and summer while I was unable to work my farm. I took twelve boxes in all and in August I was able to work.

"Now I am quite strong. I worked all winter without pains in my back or any part of my body. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

If the Kidney Disease is of long standing it may take time to cure it. But Dodd's Kidney Pills will do it.

The Atmosphere of Dwellings.

Here are a number of valuable suggestions for keeping the air of the house pure:

- Plenty of sunlight.
- A dry cellar at all seasons.
- Frequent inspection of plumbing.
- Open war against the feather duster.
- A thoroughly daily airing of each room.
- Shaking and brushing clothing out-of-doors.
- Opening windows at night; discarding weather-strips.
- The use of stained floors and rugs in preference to carpets.
- Daily airing and occasional beating of mattresses and blankets.
- Removing from the bedroom at night of clothing worn during the day
- Little furniture and no uncovered vessels containing soiled water, in the bedroom.—Delineator.

ARE YOU STRONG ?



heartened woman; feel the life blood and the steel in your nerves. Let it cure you.

Don't you want to feel the glow of newborn life in your blood and nerves, to feel the bubbling spirit of youth again? Don't you want to have a strong heart, courage, nerves of steel, self-confidence, strength, ambition, energy, grit and endurance? Don't you want to be rid of the "come and go" pains, the Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Varicocele, Weak Back, and the many other troubles that make life miserable? Then try

Dr. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

It gives lasting strength. Its cures are permanent forever. Its touch is the touch of magnetism; it creates in a weakened body new life, strength, energy, courage, happiness and long life. It is Nature's Greatest Restorer, applied gently while you sleep. It will transform your weakened, pain-racked body into a paradise of health. Try it, you weak, debilitated man, you poor, weary and disheartened woman; feel the life blood and the steel in your nerves. Let it cure you.

The best argument which can be offered in praise of a curative remedy is the word of one who has tried it and says, "It cured me." Here is one of 50,000, and the evidence of the others is on file at my office for all who are interested.

Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Weakness & Nervousness

Dr. McLaughlin,
Dear Sir: I have been wearing your Belt for nearly thirty days, and find it a great deal better than even you said. When I wear it I feel like a wild Indian. My back is all right again. I cannot say half enough in your praise. Yours truly, O. P. Dickie, Galt, Ont.

FREE BOOK. I want you to call, if you can, and test it free. If you can't call, send for my book, which gives full information and is worth \$100 to any weak man. Sent free, closely sealed.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto, Can. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday till 8.30 p.m.

Home.

It is good to have a corner just to call one's own.
Though it be a nest in branches by the west winds blown;
Though it be a crooked window under mossy eaves,
Known but to darting swallows and to autumn's drifting leaves.

Though it only be a little room of four bare walls,
Caught in 'mid smoky chimneys and the city's noisy calls;
The heart may rest awhile, and the soul may be alone
If yet one has a corner just to call one's own.

The busy world is beckoning, and lures us away,
And life seems all to-morrow, though 'tis leaving us to-day;
But there's nothing half so rare in the golden days to come,
As a little roof, a low roof, that we call Home.

There is nothing half so precious in the wide world and free,
As the dear hearts, the near hearts, close to you and me—
Oh, when the dream is broken, and a wandering we roam,
We'll find no other shelter like the one called Home.

Fame may be waiting us, and glory on the way,
But the humble things, the sweet things, are ours every day;
And for loss or for gain, there is nothing can atone,
Like a heart and a corner just to call one's own!

Johnny's First Public Speech.

A small orator made his debut in front of a large audience at a west side clubhouse the other night, and it is safe to predict that he will not follow further in the footsteps of Demosthenes after his recent experience. His deluded, but loving family, who had egged him on to this sacrifice, were mostly with him in the dressing-room. His age being seven, they wanted him to be sure that his bangs did not fall over his eyes, and obscure his view of his mother, father, aunt, uncles and cousins in reserved seats directly in front.

"Now, Johnny," said the mother, "be sure you make a nice bow."

"You bet I will," said Johnny, with a swagger.

"And let your hands hang easily by your side, like this," and his father struck an attitude.

"Of course," assented Johnny.

"Are you sure you know your piece?" asked his sister, anxious to have him succeed.

"Yep," said Johnny, and he recited the two first lines:

"I wish I had a little dog,
To pat him on the head."

"That's right; he'll do splendidly," remarked his mother. "You'll go on in a minute now, and we must get into our seats. Don't you be scared a bit, Johnny."

"Whoth scared?" asked Johnny, who began to feel a sinking of the knees, while his heart seemed to rise until it was in his mouth, and then somebody was pushing him forward, and he saw a lot of faces, not one of which he had ever seen before, and it was lighter than any electric searchlight he had ever seen.

"Speak up, now," said the manager of the entertainment. "Make your bow and say your piece."

Johnny made his bow, and the audience applauded, but he had a difficulty in finding his tongue, which seemed lost in the roof of his mouth. His hands hung down as his father had suggested, making him look like a little wooden man, and when he forgot and stuffed them into his pockets the audience again applauded. The manager took that opportunity for a stage whisper:

"Speak up, now," and he began with the first line. Then Johnny said in a strange, hoarse voice:

"I wish I had a little pat
To dog him on the head."

Roars of laughter and frantic demonstrations on the part of Johnny's family.

"I wish I had a little pat
To head him on the dog."

His father rose in his seat, but this only added to Johnny's confusion.

"I wish I had a little dog
To head him on the pat."

Then a weary family took Johnny by the hand and led him home.

Health and Beauty Notes.

The too frequent use of cold cream will in some cases promote the growth of a slight down.

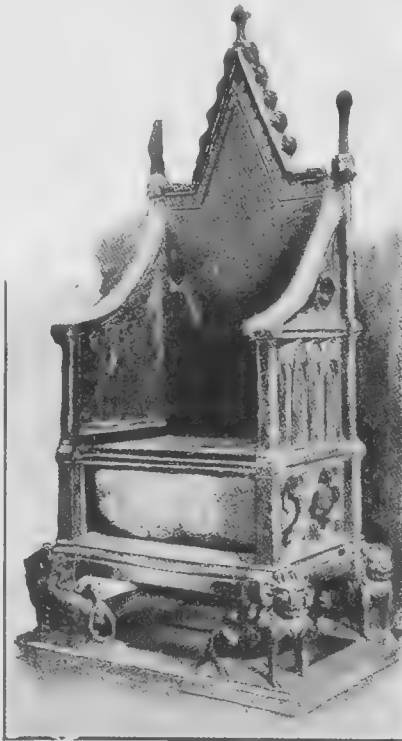
An ingrowing toenail should be trimmed at the edges and the middle of the nail lightly scraped.

To break children of the habit of biting the nails dip the ends of the fingers in a solution of aloes.

To remove a soft corn cover it at night with prepared chalk, bandaging snugly to keep the chalk in place.

Licorice will sweeten the breath; also rinse the mouth with a little tincture of myrrh in a goblet of water.

A carboic ointment for chapped hands and lips and fever sores around the



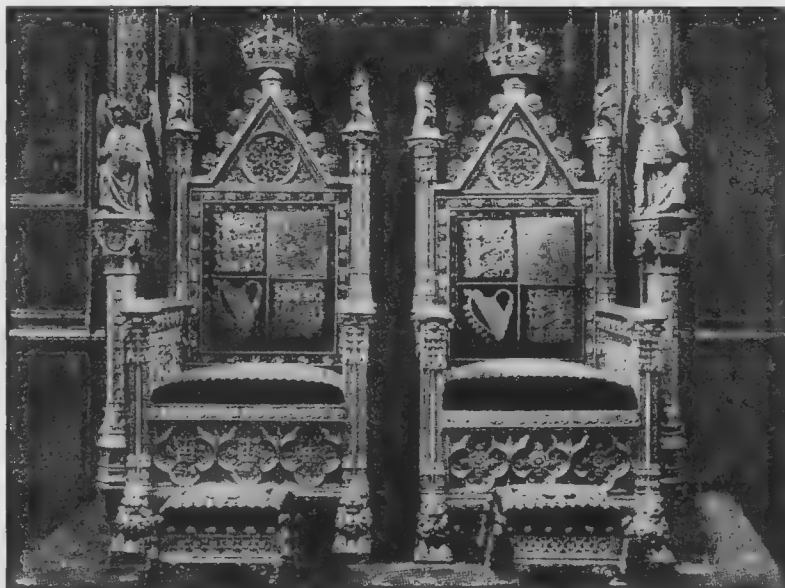
THE CORONATION CHAIR AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

mouth is made by dropping fifteen drops of carboic acid in two ounces of glycerine.

To whiten a brown or tanned neck thin slices of cucumber may be bound on over night; wash with warm soap suds in the morning and apply a cold cream.

Common baking soda is one of the best remedies for the removal of warts and corns. Bind on wet and moisten the soda several times a day. The warts and corns will quickly disappear.

Avoid highly colored and perfumed soaps; the coloring is often injurious to



THE THRONE OF ENGLAND IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

the skin and the perfume is frequently put in to counteract the odor of impure ingredients.

For falling hair an old fashioned remedy said to be effective and not harmful in latter results is four ounces of lime water and two drachms of pure

The Latest Style



Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furled tails, and ornamented with a handsome silver neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turn-over Collars at 15c each. (A certificate worth 50c is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer when the furs were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 3130, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



Sniffeling and Sneezing Colds.

Can be stopped in a few minutes and permanently cured in one hour by inhaling fragrant healing Catarrhazone. No remedy compares with Catarrhazone for cold in the head and nasal catarrh. It soothes and heals the inflamed mucous membranes, prevents sneezing and coughing, clears away the "stuffed up" feeling in the forehead. If you haven't used Catarrhazone, get it to-day and try it on your next cold. You'll be surprised at the efficiency of this delightful inhaler treatment which pleases everyone because it cures so quickly. Complete outfit, \$1.00; trial size, 25c.

Filial Gratitude.

Be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been and it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourself, when you could neither speak nor walk and knew not the use of any of your powers.

Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth and perished. To your parent you owe every comfort, you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers and the food which nourishes you.

While you are seeing amusement, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants be supplied, that your minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you and continue their favors, ought you not to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude?—Selected.

THIS MESSAGE IS FOR WOMEN

Dame Bradette Cured of all her Pains by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered for Years before she found Quick Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Rose du Degele, Temiscouata Co., Que., Sept. 10 (Special). — Suffering women all over Canada will read with feelings of interest and relief the experience of Dame Amedee Bradette of this place.

"It gives me pleasure to be able to tell," says Dame Bradette, "that I am cured of all the ills I suffered for a number of years. I found in Dodd's Kidney Pills quick relief from all my pains. I only had to take one box to bring back my health, and in five months I have had no return of my trouble."

Those troubles known only to women always spring from disordered kidneys. The female organs are entirely dependent on the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure the kidneys. That is why they always bring health and cheerfulness to weak, run-down, suffering women.

who enjoys the marketing and the catering will provide the variety people like."

What a delightful old world this would be if all men were as perfect as they think their neighbors should be.

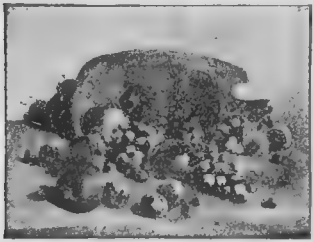
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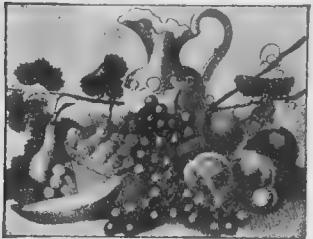
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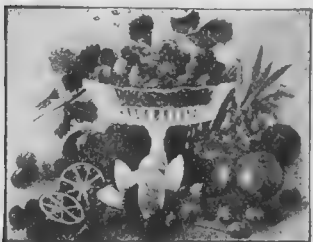
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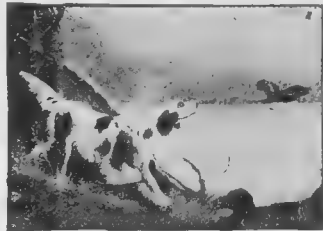
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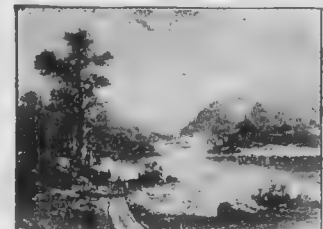
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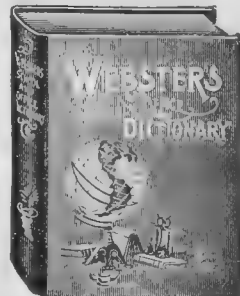
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OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Taken from Authority of Noah Webster
Revised Edition of 1903

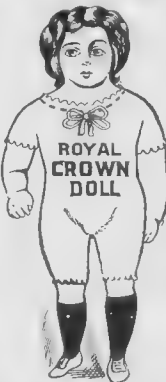
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Clouds to Sunshine

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wrapper

One Witch Hazel Toilet Soap
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Soap wrapper is counted
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Soap wrappers

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The Last Brave.

Contributed by John S. Brundige, Miami

Gently swept the evening breezes, softly
glowed the setting sun,
Speaking to the world of Nature that another
day was done.
Far around the great prairie spread adorned
with flowers gay,
And the winding river, waveless, like a
stream of silver lay.
On the margin, darkly outlined, built with
architecture rude,
The wigwam of a red man in primeval
glory stood.
By his tepee stood the red man, gazing
where a speck of white
Far away on the horizon, showed the camp-
ground of the white.
Model fit for any artist as he stood erect
and grand—
Knife and tomahawk in belt and trusty rifle
in his hand.
Of the tribe of the Dacotahs he, the last to
bear the name—
He the last to tell their story; he the last
to shield their fame.
Long he gazed, and then he muttered with a
sigh of deep regret:
Now I perish; let the sun to-night upon my
race be set.
Ages gone my fathers wandered o'er the
prairie, wild and free,
And their name was mighty, ages ere the
paleface crossed the sea.
Great in council, strong in battle, then we
knew no other sway
Than the words our chieftains uttered—
that we feared not to obey.
Here we slew the mighty buffalo; here we
conquered many a foe—
And we knew no other weapon than our
tomahawk and bow;
But the paleface came among us and espied
our fertile plain,
And his soul was stirred with envy, and
his heart with lust of gain.
When at first he came among us—that was
in the days of old—
We received him at our councils, gave him
of our beads and gold;
And at evening round the fire he was made
an honored guest;
To our feasts we bade him welcome, and
when weary bade him rest.
But they came in greater numbers, and the
cruel, long knife they drew—
Took our mighty chieftains captive, many
of our braves they slew.
Then for years a mighty struggle waged,
and time and time again
We hurled the flood-tide backward that was
spreading o'er the plain;
But yet they onward pressed, and soon of
all our mighty braves
An earthly mound alone remained to mark
where stood their graves.
Long I've wandered, sad and lonely, wish-
ing for the happy land
Where no paleface can pursue me, there to
join the council grand.
Lowly were the last words uttered—nothing
more the red man said.
But beside his tepee dropped he, broken-
hearted, dying—dead.

The Most Wonderful Railway.

There can be no doubt that the credit
of being the most wonderful railway
in the world fairly belongs to the great
trans-Siberian line, which carries pas-
sengers from central Russia to Vladi-
vostok and Port Arthur, on the Chinese
coast of the Pacific. It is 5,450 miles
from Moscow to Port Arthur, and the
train accomplishes the journey in 14
days, so that a person may now travel
from England to Japan by this route
in less than three weeks.

As everybody knows, this line is a
very important feature of the situation
in the war going on between Russia and
Japan, and, indeed, without it Russia
would find it next to impossible to con-
duct a war against her enemy. For the
time being it is used for nothing but
carrying troops and munitions of war,
and the mail service which began only a
few months ago has been temporarily
stopped.

This line of 5,450 miles has cost the
Russian government over \$500,000,000
to build. No fewer than 76,000 men
were employed in constructing the chief
section of 3,742 miles across Siberia.
In making the bridges and in carrying
out various other works as many as
104,839 tons of cement were used, and
9,000,000 sleepers and baulks of timber
were employed in laying the rails and
in erecting the houses and station build-
ings. To provide all this wood more
than 100,000 acres of forests had to be
cut down. There were 800,000 cubic
fathoms of sand required as ballast.

At one place the railway comes to a
stop at a big lake (Lake Balkal), which
is 3,000 feet deep.

In the summer the passengers are
ferried across and join a new train at
the other side. In the winter, when the
lake is frozen, they are taken across in

ice-breaking steamers. Strange to say,
in the whole of the enormous length of
this railway there is but one tunnel.

Scores of thousands of persons of
different nationalities were employed in
building the line, and the Russian gov-
ernment, being unable to get sufficient
labor through the ordinary channels,
employed convicts upon it, one workman
out of every five being a criminal. Some
of these convicts—about one in every
20—are still employed in different capac-
ities, and many people have come to the
conclusion in consequence that the line
is not safe for travelling upon; but only
those convicts who have served their
time and satisfied the authorities as to
their good behaviour for the future are
so engaged.

A really good and up-to-date terminus
being required for the line, the Russian
government built the town of Dalny
specially for it. There used to be
nothing where Dalny is now, and the
town was built and equipped with pub-
lic institutions, parks and places of
amusement before anybody was allowed
to inhabit it.



When there is no war four trains
start every week from Moscow for Port
Arthur and Dalny, two of them being
run by the Russian government and two
by a private company. The first
class fare for the whole journey in a
sleeping compartment is \$130, and \$90
second-class. Food is extra and for the
fortnight's travelling costs about \$35.
There are smoking rooms and libraries
on the trains, and there are usually
about 75 passengers in each train load.
Most things are cheap on the train ex-
cept baths, which cost about 50 cents
each. There are three berths to every
first-class compartment, and four to
every second.

There is always a certain amount of
danger of the trains being attacked by
the Chinese, and therefore special pre-
cautions are taken as on no other rail-
way. The whole line through Man-
churia is guarded by many thousands
of troops, and there are companies of
armed men at every station. Besides
this the train for the last portion of the
journey is protected by bullet-proof ar-
mour plates, which reach as high as the
carriage windows, and a small body of
soldiers is carried.

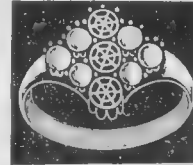
Legend of Volcano.

The Mohawk Indians, who at one time
were the inhabitants of the spot on
which Montreal now stands, have an
interesting legend which is now almost
forgotten.

Long, long ago, there was a great
lake where the island of Montreal now
stands, and the Mohawks dwelt upon its
borders, and were happy. Then bad
people came and drove the Indians into
the water, killing many of them; and
the Great Spirit, when he saw the Mo-
hawks so badly treated, raised up a
country for them out of the lake and
stocked it with game and fruits and
maize, and gave it to the Mohawks;
but there was no mountain. Then the
bad people came over to the island and
took possession of it, and drove the Mo-
hawks away to the Isle of Jesus, which
they made their hunting ground. Then
when they stood on the shore one even-
ing they saw a great fire leap up on the
island, and there was dreadful peals of
thunder and terrible flashes of light-
ning, and all the bad people were killed,

Handsome Presents FREE

SEND NO MONEY



Just your name and address
and we will mail you postpaid
7 Oriental Arabian
Perfumed Lockets each
consisting of a beautiful Gold
Filigree Heart Shape Locket,
enclosing a medallion of Ori-
ental Perfume, highly odorized
from mil-
lions of
roses, the
most frag-
rant and
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Lockets sell everywhere for 25c.,
and people are glad to buy. You
sell them for only 15c., and
give a certificate worth
50c. free with each one.
return the money, and for your
trouble we will immediately
send you this beautiful
Ring, Solid Gold-finished, and
set with Rubies and
Pearls, and if you send
us your name and
address at once, we will give you an opportunity to
get this handsome Gold-finished Double Hunting
Case Watch, elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like
a \$50.00 Solid Gold Watch, FREE, in addition to
the Ring, without selling any more Lockets. This
is a grand chance. Don't miss it. THE HOME
SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 3122. TORONTO

348 miles, this train runs only 291
miles.

In other ways the automobile sur-
passes the fastest train service in the
world. They used but one machine.
Trains change engines. The longest
run for the one engine between Chicago
and New York is 183 miles. The loco-
motive cannot go the distance. It has-
n't the lungs. On a spurt of one or two
miles it can show the auto a clean pair
of heels, but even then it has to hump
itself. The locomotive has covered a
mile in thirty seconds, the auto in thirty-
nine. It is plain to see that the locomot-
ive is a thing of the past. Most people
will buy automobiles now instead of
locomotives. As a guide for investors
the race of Friday is of incalculable
value.

Time is money, and when a person
starts on a little dash of 300 or 400
miles across country he does not care
to lose any more than is necessary. On
a run to Buffalo from Chicago the per-
son who uses the automobile will beat
out the fastest train about forty-five min-
utes. This is time enough for dinner.
He is ready to continue the trip to New
York just as the locomotive comes pant-
ing into the depot. He will arrive in
New York so far ahead that he can
stroll uptown and buy theatre tickets
before the snorting engine has reached
the suburbs.

Moreover, the train has to cling tim-
idly to rails and preserve a right of
way. This makes travel more or less
lonesome. The automobile uses the
highway and mingles with the people.
A man gets closer to the rural popula-
tion. This contact, if sometimes san-
guinary, is nevertheless exhilarating.
It is royal sport, like gladiatorial com-
bats and bull fights.

Still, when a person buys an automo-
bile he must not imagine that he is
riding the fastest medium known. There
are other things faster than autos.
Light travels 186,000 miles a second.—
Guest.

Nature's Own Laxative

DR. HAMILTON'S MANDRAKE and BUT-
TERNUT PILLS.

The best because composed entirely of
health-giving vegetable extracts. Con-
tain no mercury or dangerous minerals.
Entirely different in action from ordi-
nary pills. They are mild, do not gripe,
nevertheless cure chronic constipation in
one night. Make you well by morning.
Will quickly tone up any one with
biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver
and faulty kidneys. Dr. Hamilton's
Pills cleanse your system thoroughly,
drive out poisonous matter, make sick
people well, keep the healthy from get-
ting sick. Save doctor bills in every
home, 25c. per box, or five for \$1, at
all dealers, or Polson & Co., Kingston,
Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

STAMMERERS

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT.
For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH
DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the
habit, and therefore produce natural speech.
Write for particulars.

Automobile vs. Locomotive.

Three hundred and forty-eight miles
in 350 minutes. This is the record made
by the French automobilist, Thery, in
the international race. This is faster
time for the distance than is made by
any train in the world. The Empire
State express travels from New York
to Buffalo, a distance of 440 miles, in
495 minutes, making four stops of three
minutes. The Twentieth Century limited
is a fast train. It covers 980 miles
in 1,200 minutes. In 353 minutes, which
is about the time it took Thery to cover

Be Thankful.

Sometimes I think that one Thanksgiving Day a year is a very small portion of time in which to count up all our blessings and return thanks for them. It would be better if each day we would bring to mind the things for which we ought to be thankful. I am not going to make a list of them, for each one lives his own life, and knows his own joys and sorrows.

But I am going to tell my boys and

grow. They see the apples, peaches, and cherries on the fruit stands along the streets, or in the grocer's windows, but they do not know where they came from or whether they grew on vines, or along the ground, or on bare poles. They do not know the names of any of the flowers. Some of them will tell you they know a rose when they see it, but they have no idea of what a garden of flowers looks like. They love flowers too, these poor little waifs of the streets,

So I hope you will be thankful every day that your lot has been cast in the country, where you can grow up strong and healthy, and be ready to take your places in the world as honest, industrious and pure minded citizens.—Agriculturist.

Gaining Health and Happiness.

To gain health and happiness: First, rise early, retire early and fill your day



J. P. DONALD'S PURE BRED POLLED ANGUS CATTLE, LACOMBE, ALTA.

girls one thing for which they should be thankful every day, and that is, that while they are young they have had the joy of a country life. You may think you have a hard time, with the work which is never ending on a farm. You have to get up so early, and there are so many calls on you all day long. Mother wants you to help her, and father needs you in the field, and the hired man finds something you can do, and there are errands to run for your big sisters and

whose only playground is the hot sidewalk and dirty gutters. I have seen them many times wandering along the alleys, and picking out of the garbage boxes the cast-off, withered blossoms from the homes of people who can afford flowers.

In the great factories with their whirring wheels, revolving belts, and the never ceasing rattle and rumble of machinery, thousands of these children work for ten and twelve hours a day. They have no amuse-

with work. Second, water and bread maintain life, pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health; and do not worry. Third, frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity. Fourth, cleanliness prevents rust; the best-cared-for machines last the longest. Fifth, enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles. Sixth, to be sensibly dressed is to give freedom to one's movements, and enough warmth to be protected from sudden changes in temperature. Seventh,



VIEW ON SOURIS RIVER NEAR HARTNEY, MAN

brothers, and you are so tired when you go to bed you wonder how you will ever be able to get up again. But in the morning there is a new day, and the world looks new and there is always something different from yesterday. And the principal thing, aside from home and health, that you should give thanks for is the joy of living outside of four square walls; of seeing the grass grow, of breathing the fresh pure air.

Do you know how hundreds of thousands of little children live in the city? They never have seen anything

ments, no time for play. They know nothing of what a child's life should be. If you could see them you would be sorry for them. They look so old, they are so thin, their eyes are so big, and their faces so white. They don't laugh and run like other children; life is too serious for that. They must make so much money every day or suffer for it, and they grow to be like machines. Such a stunted, pitiful life it is! and what can be expected from the man or woman developed from such a childhood? No wonder our penitentiaries are full of criminals.

a clean and cheerful house makes a happy home. Eighth, the mind is refreshed and invigorated by distractions and amusements, but abuse of them leads to dissipation, and dissipation to vice. Ninth, cheerfulness makes love of life, and love of life is half of health. On the contrary, sadness and discouragement hasten old age. Tenth, do you gain your living by your pickaxe? Do not forget to cultivate your mind and to enlarge your thought. Do you earn your bread by your intellect? Then do not allow arms and limbs to grow stiff.

ARE YOU SICK?

REMARKABLE OFFER TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

"I Will Send to Every Sufferer, No Matter Where They Are, No Matter What Their Disease, a Free Trial Treatment."

If we were to attempt to tell of the thousands of marvelous cures performed by the famous Dr. James W. Kidd, it would require a volume.



The doctor's mail every day is filled with letters of gratitude from cured patients. His fame and remarkable success have become known all over the civilized world. Dr. Kidd does not devote his attention to any special ailment. Disease in every form, the most stubborn and chronic cases yield quickly to his wonderful skill. His offer to send a free trial treatment to every applicant is the strongest proof of his faith in his ability. An actual trial of what it will do for you if you are sick or afflicted, will prove more to you than mere words. This you can have absolutely free, by mail, postage paid. There are no restrictions, no C.O.D. or other scheme. When the doctor says free he means free. No matter what your disease, no matter of how long standing, Dr. Kidd may be able to cure you. He has cured many cases that were considered hopeless. You cannot afford to allow this chance to pass anyhow, because it will not cost you a penny to try.

This is not a patent medicine. Dr. Kidd prepares a special treatment for each individual case. His vast experience enables him to select the exact remedies necessary in each. For this reason he asks you to describe your condition, or to tell what disease you wish treatment for, when you write for the free treatment. Don't put off writing. Do it today. To secure personal attention address your letter as follows: Dr. James W. Kidd, Box No. 242, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Ladies! Here is a snap if you order now.

A Handsome "Needle Book"

full of needles, only 15 cents. Good value.

Manitoba Novelty Co.

Box 1, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A whitewash that will not easily wash or rub off may be made of ten parts of slackened lime added to one part of the best hydraulic cement, the whole mixed well with salt water. It should be applied thin.

SHOWING COON SKINS.

An old Arkansas hunter, who was in the habit of taking his dogs and gun out for a solitary coon hunt almost every evening, weather permitting, also took himself to the cross-roads store each following morning, and to the neighbors assembled there, related miraculous stories of the still more miraculous



numbers of coons he had annihilated the night before. These honest friends, with true Southern good nature, passively submitted to these wild tales from day to day, until the number grew to such magnitude as to surpass all belief, and then, rising in their righteous indignation, as one body, gave vent to their feelings in the following:

"Look here, neighbor, this talk of killing coons is all well and good. There are coons in the woods, and powder and shot can kill them, but if you want us to believe that you are such a mighty hunter, you have just got to show us those coon skins."

And that is just what Vitae-Ore, the natural mineral remedy which is being advertised so extensively in these columns, has been doing right along. For every claim of a cure made it has produced the "coon skin," the actual living, breathing, walking, talking witness in the cured one. It does not ask belief, it asks no credence, it wants only an opportunity to show "coon skins" in each individual case, to produce before each and every sick and ailing reader of this paper a "coon skin" in the form of his or her own improvement and benefit, before he or she need believe one jot or pay one cent.

Medicines have come and gone, have sprung up in the night like mushrooms, have made broad claims and told of remarkable cures and the capture of remarkable numbers of "coons," but when the time came they could not show the "coon skins," and passed out into the night, to be heard of no more. Not so with Vitae-Ore! It has stood the test of over a generation of time and peoples, and has fully proven and substantiated its right to the title of being the "Best thing in, on, or out of the earth for the afflicted." Read the 30-day trial offer in this issue.

Garden and Flowers

The Old Garden.

Here are the sweet old blossoms planted
In lyric springtides of long ago,
By dear, dead hands that have long been
folded.

The autumn grasses and leaves below,
Fragrantly year by year they burgeon,
Lettering out in their own sweet way
Title and script of forgotten story,
The lives and loves of a vanished day.

Love walked here in the far, fair twilights,
Grief wept here her most sacred tears—
Still I think must the garden cherish
All the sweets of the flying years.
Maiden dreams in the buds of the roses,
Mothers' prayers in the lily's heart,
Youth's high hopes in the crimson poppies,
Sorrows in pansies that bloom apart.

To life and death, to the birth and bridal,
The garden has given its lavish best;
And for its guerdon each memory lingers
Along its walk like a welcome guest.
Clened sunshine clings to its blossoms,
Low sings the wind old songs at will—
Generations have passed and vanished,
But here their faith and their love live
still.

—L. M. Montgomery.

Flowers for Cutting.

A writer in one of our exchanges says that one frequently meets with flower gardens that are gay with colors and pleasing in design, from which, however, even a small nosegay can be with difficulty culled. In selecting one's seeds, care should be taken to include some sorts that are fine for cutting, a prime essential being good stems as well as beauty of form and color. One can cull bouquets almost daily from a small bed of Dianthus. For small vases nothing is more attractive. A handful of Sweet Alyssum with a few sprays of Ambrosia set off the varied colors and markings very well, indeed. Ageratum and Candytuft with a few stems of Scabiosa to give a dash of color form an attractive decoration. Dahlias, both double and single, have fine stems for cutting. Do not put more than six or eight in a tall vase with a narrow mouth, with stems of different lengths, and the effect will be lovely. Crowding blossoms of Dahlia, Zinnia, or Marigold, is disastrous to beauty, though all are well adapted for cutting. Nasturtiums must be dropped loosely in glasses with a few of their own leaves for best effect. Never attempt to tie them up in a bunch. Nasturtiums are the flowers for the dining table; their bright and cheery appearance at breakfast will give a pleasant impression that will influence the remainder of the day. As the plants are so prolific one can have fresh flowers from only a few plants for the whole season.

For hand bouquets to give friends, Stocks and Verbenas are delightful, and, knowing ones favorite color, can be plucked accordingly. A bit of Alyssum can always be tucked in to advantage, and leaves of the scented Geranium or

Lemon Verbena added at pleasure. Finely cut Fern leaves add somewhat to the beauty of a nosegay of Sweet Peas, but they appear almost as well without any other added beauties than their own colors and silky texture affords. To tie the stems together tightly is to destroy half their beauty. Drop a handful in a bowl of water and they will arrange themselves with only a little aid. Cosmos is a gem for cutting, the foliage being so fine and lace-

Floral Notes.

Gather bouquets in the morning, while the dew yet adheres to the blossoms. Flowers retain their sprightliness much longer if gathered in the morning than at any other time in the day.

The effect of growing aquatic plants upon lawns in tubs or pools is charming. No class of plants could give more pleasure and none require less care. A simple plan is to saw a barrel or hogs-



like and the flowers of attractive shape, varied colors, and borne on fine long stems. Asters in variety will be found in the bouquet-lover's garden, and Chrysanthemums to take their places later. The beauty of these is so apparent that nothing need be added to or taken from in placing them to advantage. Snapdragons are effective in mixed bouquets, the white and pale yellow sorts in particular. The most double sorts of Poppies give a transient joy, while Calendula remain fresh and attractive a long while.

head in two parts and cleanse them thoroughly; set them in the warmest and sunniest part of the lawn; fill one-third of the depth of tub with good soil, and in this plant the root of the water plant; then fill the tub with water. No further care will be needed except to replace the water as it evaporates.

Do not undertake to keep more flowers than can be given good attention. A few choice plants kept in a good, thrifty condition will give much better results than two or three times the number carelessly looked after.

GAINED 60 POUNDS WITH PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

Mother Overjoyed at Her Son's Recovery from General Decline



Psychine is the greatest of tonics. No remedy will produce flesh and strength like Psychine. Every Psychine testimonial is in the exact words of the writer, and original letters are open for public inspection at any time.

Mrs. E. Fierheller, 604 Hamilton st., Vancouver, B.C., writes as follows May 17th, 1904, of the remarkable recovery of her son: "Four years ago my son, whose picture I enclose, was so thin and weak he couldn't walk across the street. The doctor said he was in decline and couldn't live but a few months. His whole system seemed diseased, but he started to use Psychine, and before finishing one bottle went to see a baseball match between his schoolmates. He is now 19 years of age, weighs 160 lbs., whereas when he was sick he weighed less than 100 lbs. I cannot praise Psychine too much for what it has done for my son."

Psychine cures not because Dr. Slocum says so, or this advertisement says so, but because people all over Canada have tried it and found it to accomplish all that is claimed for it. Psychine will give you strength and health to resist the rigors of the coming winter.

Psychine is pronounced Si-keen

For sale by all druggists. For further advice and information or for free sample, write Dr. Slocum, Limited, 179 King street west, Toronto, Can. Through an enlarged laboratory, new labor-saving facilities, and recent ability to purchase raw products in Canada, PSYCHINE, sold for years at \$1.50 per bottle, is

Sold by all Druggists and many General Stores at \$1.00.

An excellent mulch consists of freshly mown clover or grass. This is just what Sweet Peas, Pansies and Roses enjoy.

The time to water your flower-beds and potted plants is in the evening. Never think of watering a flower with the sun glaring on it.

Why Plug Along On \$8 a Week

when you can earn \$10 just as easy. You can become a Show-Card Writer, Advertisement Writer, Newspaper Illustrator, Mechanical Draughtsman, Architectural Draughtsman, Surveyor, Stenographer or Book-keeper. If you can read and write and will study in your spare time as we direct, we guarantee to qualify you for a good-paying position. We have successful students in your neighborhood to whom we can refer you. The rise of many of them read like romance. Write for "1001 Stories of Success," stating what you want to become.

INTERNATIONAL CORRES. SCHOOLS,
Box 1343 Scranton, Pa.

Try It. It's Good,
MOTHER NOBLETT'S

EVERTON TOFFEE

A delicious old English sweetmeat.
In dainty tin boxes 20 cents, or by
mail 25 cents, from

W. FRASER, Sole Agent for
Canada.
651 Young Street, Winnipeg, Man.



HARVEST SCENE.

In Blind Man Valley on B. R. Snell's Farm, 14 Miles Southwest of Lacombe, Alta.

An Aquatic Garden.

What could be more beautiful than the "Long-stemmed lilies from the lake, Cool as a coiling water-snake," swaying gracefully on the still waters of inland lakes and quiet pools? An aquatic garden of one's own, however, is distinctly possible and at a very small cost. One that I saw lately was a revelation of what could be achieved along this line in a small space. It was set like a gem in the midst of a velvety-green lawn, and consisted of half a dozen water-tight casks sawn in two and set their own depth in the ground close together, the loose earth filled in making the necessary support for the casks.

As this earth was kept constantly moist from the overflow of the "ponds," lovely ferns, irises, rushes, cattails and other plants that grow in the soil, but love moisture, soon made it their home, and moss and lichen formed on the edges, but the contents of the miniature ponds were themselves the loveliest growths of all. There were the white pond-lilies we are all familiar with—and just here let me say that these lilies thrive just as well in a small environment as they do in their favorite haunts of slow-moving streams and lakes, and flower more continuously.

In the opposite tub are water-hyacinths in rosy lilac tints and lavender plants. From each crown appear neat rosettes of green leaves, and the stems of the lily are inflated with air and bulge out in a peculiar manner, enabling the plants to float. The flowers are produced on large upright spikes, which stand up out of the water and look very much like a Dutch hyacinth. The blue variety is a rich shade of lavender blue—in general effect—the centre of each flower being an indigo tint, in depth of color, with fringed petals. The other variety is of a rich lilac, and reminds one of an orchid.

The Nympha Odorata is another fragrant white lily something similar to our pond-lily, only smaller in size. It blooms in greater profusion.

The Zanzibar water-lilies produce flowers from four to six inches in diameter, in colors pink, blue and purple. The different varieties of lotus are yellow, rose-pink and white, and these bear immense tropical blooms. A species known as Dentata remains open at night and during the morning hours, but closes its petals in the afternoon.

These ponds of colored lilies show off in beautiful relief against the pure whiteness of the other lilies. The small outlay of ten dollars accomplished this bit of aquatic gardening, including the price of the casks, a day's work to saw and set them and the lily plants. The soil in which to grow the lilies is placed in the bottom of the casks to the depth of eight inches, pond mud if you can obtain it, but if not the best rich loam and decayed barn manure mixed in equal parts. Spread this with a layer of sand to keep down the soil, then lay in your roots, straightening out the small fibres and covering them two inches deep with the soil. Gradually but gently, so as not to disturb the plants, pour in the water. As the plants grow and the water is absorbed by them or evaporates, keep adding more, always having the water on a level with the tub's edge. To destroy snails and prevent scum from forming, place in the water a few bits of charcoal; tiny gold and silver-fish will also answer the same purpose and be a pretty sight, darting in and out among the lily shadows, and the birds love to sip their morning's drink from the lily-ponds. If your garden should consist of only one or two tubs, it would be an easy task to transfer them to the cellar in the winter season, but in this garden there were so many this method of protecting their contents could not be thought of. A warmly-thatched low-roofed shed was erected over them, and the weather threatened to be unusually severe, a fire was started in an old air-tight heater placed in the shed for that purpose. The thermometer should never be allowed to get higher than 60 degrees.

If the aphid attack the plants, spray them with tobacco-water and it will

soon destroy them. One or two of the smaller-sized lilies of the hyacinth or poppy variety would be a lovely centerpiece for your winter window-garden. They can be accommodated in a glass bowl in a few inches of soil and supported with pebbles. The water poppies have lemon-yellow petals and black stamens. The flowers stand up from long slender stems. Wild rice planted along the edges of the casks will spring up into drooping seed-tufted heads on long slender stems, making a pretty fringe-like green. The Egyptian sacred lotus was a very expensive plant, the tubers costing as much as five dollars apiece a few years ago, but now they can be bought for fifty cents each. This is a wonderfully beautiful plant. It does not float on the water, but stands up on long fleshy stems, often to the height of six or seven feet. Though a native of the Orient, it seems to thrive well in this climate, and will flower the



A NEGRO COURTSHIP.

same season it is planted. When the flowers first unfold they remind you of giant white tulips. The petals change to a rosy pink after blooming out, and the flower exhales a spicy fragrance. Other aquatic plants are Cyperas, Egyptian Papyrus, Water Nymph, Paradise Feather—having long trailing green stems—and lettuce float. All of these tubers, and the others mentioned, can be purchased for from fifteen cents to twenty-five cents each.—Woman's Magazine.

Begonias.

Marjorie Daw is a grand acquisition to this beautiful class of plants. It is unusual and fascinating in climbing form. The salmon-pink flowers are borne in large full panicles, and so free in numbers that the climbing branches seem literally covered with blooms.

Fair Rosamond is another superb Begonia. The blooms are of conspicuous size, and the color a clear, satiny pink.

Begonia rubra, though not new, is unsurpassed. It grows as large and high as it has a chance to do—in the New Orleans gardens, from two to four and five feet is the average size. The hollow stalks grow as large around and as tall as bamboos, and the bright coral-red blooms appear in beautiful, full clusters, under judicious care, a pot-plant. Begonia rubra will grow freely and bloom beautifully.

Begonias of this class prefer friable, rich, but mellow soil, and consistent moisture. The soil should be watered



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and the plants, including foliage and flowers, but always should the foliage and flowers be sprinkled in the evening. Never, under any circumstances should the sun shine upon the wet leaves. Every drop of water on the shining Begonia leaf will make a burning lens from the rays of sunlight, and consequently the leaves will blister, burn and decay. Have them dry when the sun shines upon them.

Thorough drainage is highly essential.

No plants more readily sicken and decay from overplus, stagnant moisture than Begonias. They first show the ill-effects by the leaves turning yellow and dropping off. Then the stems or stalks decay and the plant will be done for. Drain the pots well, and water will be a blessing to the plants.

When setting plants out in the garden, or when transplanting seedlings, always select a cloudy day to do it in.

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GIRL'S FROCK.

No. 4407.—Sailor costumes are always attractive for girls, and nothing is smarter than the one shown here, where the severe plainness is modified by the use of tucks and trimmings. The model shows a tucked vest, and the trimming on the collar carries out the season's mode of stole effects.

The circular skirt, always more becoming than the straight up and down cut, has tiny tucks over the hips and three deep tucks on the lower edge. The model is a good one to follow for the fall school dress and its lines are so good and construction so easy that even the Miss herself would have no difficulty in building a most pleasing costume.

The style will be found very attractive if made of linen, pique, madras or canvas, in colors, using white for vest and trimming. A pretty development would be in blue or red Sicilian, or veiling, and trimming with bands of Persian embroidery. Any of the light weight woollens are pretty.

Sizes: 10, 11, 12, 14 and 16 years.



HANDKERCHIEF, CORSET COVER AND PETTICOAT

For Ladies and Misses

Nos. 4408-4409.—Quite the most fascinating articles of feminine attire are the dainty under-muslins. The designs are necessarily

somewhat limited, but in the dainty one shown here one has an opportunity to display both originality and taste in the selecting of materials and trimming. These pretty little handkerchief corset covers are simple to make when one has a good pattern to follow. Only two handkerchiefs are required and a few yards of lace and ribbon, and a most acceptable gift is the result, and the cost is simply nothing.

The work is quickly done in a few evenings, and as the lace should be sewn on by hand any girl can make these in her own room. The pattern is made so as to bring the material under the arm, rather than the lace, which will not stand the wear. The handkerchiefs may be set together with beading, embroidery or lace insertion, and the upper and lower edges are finished with ribbon-run beading. Dainty little corset covers made of silk in white or delicate colors and set together with fine Bal lace are exceedingly pretty, although nainsook, cambric, Lonsdale and long-cloth are suitable materials.

Petticoat, 4409.—In the illustration shown here we have one of the most satisfactory models for a petticoat. It is of the five gore shaping and may be made with draw-string or band, with or without the dust ruffle. It has a deep gathered flounce, which may be of the material or of embroidery. For a well-fitting petticoat, over which the dress will set smoothly this model is recommended. Any material suitable for under-muslins may be used.

Sizes for corset cover, 4408, Small, Medium and Large.

Sizes for petticoat, 4409, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years, and 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.



LADIES' DRESSING GOWN.

No. 6112.—This is the season of the year when a woman most delights to discard her tight-fitting skirt and waists and slip into a comfortable dressing gown, imparting an air of warmth and coziness. Dressing gowns, especially pretty ones, tastefully made and nicely trimmed, are always among the most highly-prized treasures in a woman's wardrobe.

In the illustration shown, the gown can be made up either as a dressing or negligee gown. The pattern provides for flowing or bishop sleeves, high or open neck, circular back, and with or without the standing collar. The front has just enough fulness to avoid even the faintest clumsiness in design or make, being held in to the figure by ribbons or cord girdle. The back is made with a bias seam down the centre, which affords a full sweep at the foot.

The sleeve is of the newest shaping and may be made in flowing or bishop style. The neck is slightly V-shaped and finished by a cape collar, which gives the fashionable drooping shoulder effect. Provision is made, however, for high neck and standing collar, if one desires that style. The cape collar may be made separate from the dress. In fact, with the revival of "lingerie sleeves" many of the collars are made of thin sheer material in dotted Swiss, Persian lawn or linen, and trimmed with insertions and edgings of Valenciennes and point de Paris laces. These collars are easily laundered, and when worn over red, plum or any bright-colored gown the effect is charming. These dressing gowns are an easy article

for home manufacture, and inexpensive cotton crepes, silk and wool mixtures and printed silks are successful imitations of expensive materials. Crepon, silk, cashmere and albatross may also be used in construction of the garment.

Material required for 32 inch bust measure, 8½ yards, 36 inches wide; or in the 42 inch size, 9 yards 36 inches wide.

Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.



CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 4530.—In the little Princess dress shown here we have an original design that is both quaint and exceedingly childish. A very pretty result is obtained by the use of tucks in sunburst effect in the upper edge of sleeve and skirt. This edge just fits the little round yoke in the back and the Princess front, so that the dress is very easily made. There are so few styles for children of this age that any innovation in dress is warmly welcomed. The dress consists of only five pieces, and the little Princess front affords a place for a bit of embroidery, although the insertion which outlines the front is really all the trimming necessary. Any material that lends itself to tucks is suitable to the mode.

Three yards of material, 36 inches wide, are required for child of three years.

Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.



LADIES' CHEMISE AND CORSET COVER.

Nos. 6117-6031.—As every woman knows, this is the lingerie season of the year. Goods of every description have been marked down, and this is especially true of laces, embroideries and undermuslins. So women everywhere always take advantage of this exceptional opportunity to lay in their year's supply of dainty lingerie, either buying the under-garments ready made or buying the goods to be made at home from the latest patterns.

Pretty underwear has always held rank among the most prized possessions of women. The dainty and carefully trimmed ready made garments are very expensive—in fact too high-priced altogether for those who have only limited amounts to spend. The cheaper grades do not compare with the home made under-garments. They are not nearly so pretty nor so durable. For that reason the wise woman buys the goods and makes them up at home herself according to the newest and best patterns.

The chemise model is one of the newest modes. By having the waist and skirt cut separate, plenty of fulness is allowed over the bust, and yet there is no extra thickness at the waist. The skirt portion is shaped so as to fit as smoothly as a skirt. The two are joined by embroidery beading, through which ribbon is run. This style of chemise is most satisfactory, although while being in one piece it has the fulness just where it is most needed.

The corset cover is a simple model that can be made in almost less time than it takes to tell about it. All in one piece, only the finishing touches are needed to complete the garment.

Sizes for 6117 and 6031: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.



LADIES' BLOUSE.

No. 6165.—In the charming design shown here, we have a model that is all that could be desired in the eyes of Dame Fashion—simple in line, well modelled and having all those little points that stamp this year's blouse from that of last season.

Quite the newest idea is expressed in the separate collar and shield. The blouse has a deep yoke, coming well down over the shoulder, thus giving good length there and producing that quaint, old-fashioned air that is a feature of the season's mode.

The sleeve is finished by a narrow turn-over cuff, although the plain bishop sleeve may be used if desired. The use of the yoke is optional, so one may have a plain shirt waist without it. The pattern is one that is suitable for a separate blouse or as a waist to a costume.

Any of the wash cottons, linens, light-weight woollens or silk may be used.

Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

God's Hour.

O restless soul, canst thou not wait God's hour?
"Let there be light!" He said, and lo! the day
Gilded the mountain-tops, and far away
The dimpled valleys thrilled beneath its power,
Claiming the glorious sunlight as their dower.
A myth, a fable, that the wise gainsay—
An idle tale for children at their play.

Yet fable is fair truth's consummate flower!
Earth waited long, till Day, unheralded,
Unsung, unprophesied, in splendor swept
A radiant presence through the Orient gates.
Not unto us shall the last word be said;
Yet one sure secret have the ages kept—
Light breaks at last on every soul that waits!

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

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And china asters too;
With hollyhocks adown the walks,
And Scotland's bells so blue.

My garden shall have roses,
And fragrant mignonette;
Peonies bright and daisies white,
With dainty violet.

Nasturtiums in their beauty
Shall flaunt their colors gay;
While lilies fair and maidenhair
Will follow in the way.

One flower in this my garden,
Reminds me, dear, of you;
"Heartsease" so sweet, my lips repeat,
"I wonder are you true."

Ventilating Sleeping Rooms.

It is of the utmost importance to have the air of sleeping rooms fresh and pure during the night. The morning airing is not sufficient, for before night the air will have become close and impure. As soon as cold weather approaches many people are afraid to open doors and windows, and consequently they become pale and sick, and so susceptible to cold that they sneeze and cough all winter. It is not necessary to throw open the entire house to the cold air, but by taking one room at a time the entire place may gradually be filled with oxygen.

Some people have become accustomed to sleeping with the windows open all the year. By lifting the windows a trifle from the bottom and as much from the top and placing a board in front of each opening proper ventilation may be secured. This board should be placed an inch or more from the window, so that direct drafts are avoided and still leave

that of keeping a lamp burning during the night, especially in a sleeping room. Burning oil consumes a good quantity

air throughout the entire house constantly. One thing is of absolute importance, and that is, the cellar should be kept scrupulously clean and free from foul odors or smells. Where it is used for storage, great care is necessary

that no decaying fruit or vegetables are permitted to lie about. Dampness is so dangerous that no one should live a day over such a cellar without taking precautions to have it corrected. Lime and charcoal are both recommended.



TWO BEAUTIES.

room for the air to enter. Impure air will flow out at the top and pure air will come in at the bottom of the window, thus creating constantly a current and keeping the air sweet and pure. It is an excellent plan to open the windows of a sleeping room wide for a few minutes before retiring for the night. The room will then be flooded with pure air for night consumption, and bring restful and healthful sleep.

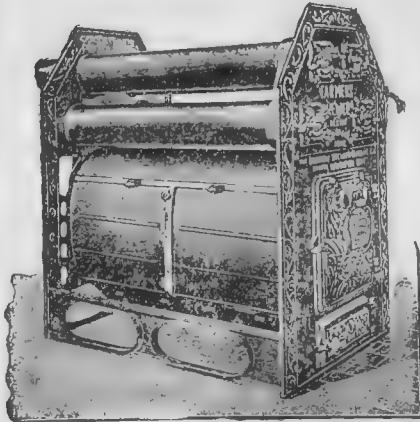
One of the very worst practices is

of the best properties of the air in a room, and if the lamps are poor they actually poison it. Many mothers have given their children the habit of not going to sleep without a light in their rooms. Certainly sleep does not come the sooner with a strong light glaring directly in the eyes. Besides being a foolish custom, it is dangerous. If a light is absolutely necessary, the lamp should be well made, the best oil used and the light turned high. A low-burning light produces a most disagreeable smell, besides poisoning the air.

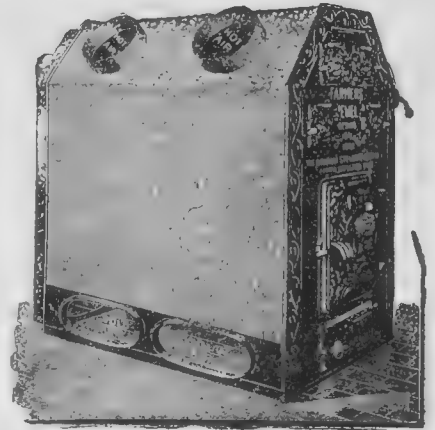
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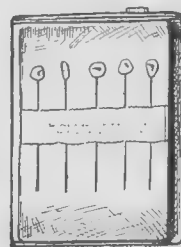
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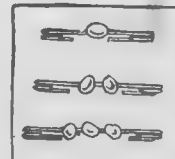
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The Home

When the Baby Cries.

Few babies cry simply because they are "spoiled," but usually because they are uncomfortable or in pain. See that his clothes are loose enough for comfort, and that there are no pins that stick him. His flannel underwear may be pulled up, and rough from improper washing. If such is the case, the garments should be replaced with new ones, for any rough clothing coming in contact with the tender flesh causes him to suffer torture. Some babies have the colic almost every day for three months, unless one is very careful with them. The best remedy for this distressing complaint is to give the little one a tea

knee, and bouncing about causes a nervous exhaustion that is not good for the baby, and he is cross and restless afterward. They need to be judiciously let alone the greater part of the time, and the mother should guard against excitement of any kind. When the room is warm, he may be placed on a folded quilt or comfort with perfect freedom to kick as much as he likes, and he will often be perfectly contented for an hour or more. A bath in tepid water in which a little borax has been dissolved is invigorating and refreshing, and he will sink into a quiet sleep as soon as he is dressed.

The careful, observant mother can soon tell when the baby is attacked by disease. When the skin is dry, the appetite poor, and he cries or frets continually and tosses and moans in his sleep, one may be sure that the trouble is serious, and the physician should be summoned at once.—Western House-keeper.



SHEEP WASHING ON BERT PRESTON'S FARM, NEAR PILOT MOUND, MAN.

spoonful of warm water every five minutes, until you have given three doses; warm a blanket, and wrap the little body in it, and after he becomes quiet put him in the crib drawn up to the fire, and he will soon fall asleep.

In this case as in many others, prevention is better than cure. See that baby is not exposed to a draught, and that he is not fed too frequently or too much. It is often difficult to get a mother to believe that he is not hungry every time he cries. If he is fed from a bottle, it is necessary to keep the bottles and rubber nipples absolutely clean. As soon as the meal is finished, anything that is left in the bottle should be poured out, the bottle rinsed out, and allowed to remain in strong borax water until it is wanted again. This thoroughly cleanses and purifies it. He should not have bits from the table, fruit, or anything except his regular food, until he is a year old, and has several teeth; even then great care is needed to select food that agrees with him.

Too much handling, trotting on the

Dainty Table Service.

There is a great deal in the way of small things that can be done to make the table attractive, and if one takes pains to always have the table neat and clean it teaches the children to be more particular at the table, and nothing more quickly marks one's breeding than the manner at the table. A table that is neatly and tastefully arranged exerts its refining influence over those who sit around it, and no matter how cheap the linen or how plain the dishes they are always presentable if clean, and almost every housekeeper has a few house plants from which to select enough leaves and blooms to make a pretty centerpiece. The silver and cutlery should be clean and bright, and the glassware carefully polished. A soft towel and clear hot water will keep silver clear and bright, and a little ammonia added to the water occasionally will add to the lustre. No soap or rough cloth should touch it. Delicate, dainty china, however, should not be rinsed in boiling water, and the best way to clean

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the dishes is to pour warm water over them and rub them very gently with a soft, dry cloth. All that is necessary to keep the dishes beautifully polished is to wash and rinse them carefully and dry them with one clean towel and polish with another free from lint, and the glassware may be brightened by rubbing with a piece of flannel dipped in alcohol and then in whiting. Centerpieces and tray cloths are invaluable additions to the dining table, as they not only make a dainty decoration, but save the tablecloth wonderfully, and the small cloths should always be washed by themselves in warm suds prepared especially for them by stirring enough pearline in the water to make a strong lather, and the appearance of a pretty, daintily set table

depends largely on the quality and laundering of the linen. The careful housekeeper has learned that an attractive table set with polished dishes and shining glass is a test of her superior housekeeping, and takes the time and trouble to arrange her dining table with neatness and taste.—Farmer's Wife.

Grease spots may be removed from wall paper with the aid of a blotter and a hot flat iron. Put the blotter over the stain and press it with the hot iron. By this process the stain will be transferred to the blotter. Other stains may be removed from wall paper by rubbing them with a piece of bread a day old, or with a piece of flannel dipped in dry oatmeal.



Cinderella

TWIN DOLLS FREE

Alice in Wonderland

This lovely pair of twin sister dolls, **Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland**, are the new arrivals from far away doll-land, and are real beauties, nearly one and one-half feet tall.

Cinderella is the new wonder blonde doll, with besque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome brunette beauty doll, with dark curly tresses, besque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turquoise collars**, hand-somely made of blue quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each**. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls**, **Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland**, for disposing of **only sixteen collars** at **15c each**. The Home Art Co., Dept. 3159, Toronto.

Seasonable

Care of Lamps.

Lamp chimneys should be washed in clear, very warm suds, not hot enough to crack the glass, and wiped perfectly dry with soft clean cotton cloths, such as old muslin sheets or underwear. These cloths should be kept specially for this work.

Never open a lamp while it is hot, as there is always an explosive vapor at the opening. Most fire insurance policies contain a clause forbidding the filling of lamps after dark on pain of forfeiting insurance.

Light lamps with the wicks turned low, turning them up gradually to avoid both smoke and a too sudden heat against the chimney. Incidentally you will avoid an indulgence in impossible language on the part of certain members of every family who shall be nameless.

If possible never move a lighted lamp. It is impossible to be too careful in this respect, and a candle protected by a glass chimney made for the purpose, is much safer than a lamp for carrying about.

One can buy for a few cents an isinglass shade supported by bent wires, for use in the top of the chimney, acting as a shield for the ceilings to protect them from soot and smoke. A daily wiping with a clean cloth will keep these guards free from soot.—Exchange.

Never use soda for washing china that has any gilding on it, for the soda will in time surely remove it all. Instead of soda, use a little soap; that has no bad effect.

Hints on Etiquette.

At a church wedding there should always be at least two ushers.

A gentleman, if seated, always rises when introduced to either a lady or gentleman.

A man leaves his hat, overcoat, gloves and cane in the hall when making a call. None of these are brought into the parlor.

Wedding gifts are not presented personally, but sent with one's card, usually from the place where they are bought.

A young girl should always have a chaperon when attending any evening entertainment.

When walking with two or more ladies the gentleman usually takes the outside of the walk.

When rising from the table at a dinner, luncheon, etc., it is not necessary to replace one's chair.

A bride always acknowledges all gifts. If sent by a married couple the note of thanks is addressed to the wife.

On receiving a letter of introduction the one addressed should call on the stranger and, if possible, extend some hospitality.

Emerson says: "Courtesy, politeness, 'beautiful behaviour,' is the finest of fine arts." The most perfect courtesy and true politeness come from unselfishness, a ready sympathy, and the desire to please and put all others at ease.

Personal affairs, your friends, or the personal affairs of friends should never be made the topic of conversation in a public place. When such conversation is indulged in it is a sure indication of poor breeding and poorer manners.

The prettiest way to serve wedding cake is to have it placed in small white boxes daintily tied with white satin ribbon. Place the boxes on a table where each guest may take one, or have them passed on a silver tray by a servant.

A PURE CEREAL FOOD

Orange Meat

Canada's Best Breakfast Dish

One Pound of Orange Meat

is equal to

Five Pounds of Beef

in nourishing qualities

It is the cheapest because the best

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

Womanly Manners.

If manners make the man, so also do manners make the woman, and a woman without manners is but a usurper of the throne of true womanhood; it therefore behooves every mother who would have her children loving and beloved, to tend and gently train the little ones to forget self if they would have others respect it, for this is the soil in which every good seed will strike root, whether it be those of good manners or good humor, which will flower and bear fruit of

future happiness, both toward themselves and their children.

To make shabby brown boots and shoes take the blacking well, first rub with a raw potato.

Never hang a mirror where the sun's rays will fall upon it. The sun acts upon the mercury and clouds the glass.

If new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard and thoroughly heated in the oven before being used, it will never rust, no matter how much it is put in water.



LOVERS' WALK, OTTAWA, ONT.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send the Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of The Monthly. Answers will appear in the November issue.

Puzzle.

1. What is it that is found in most families; it belongs to everyone in the family but no one really owns it?
2. My first is in mitten, but not in glove;
My second is in hate, but not in love;
My third is in rain, but not in sky;



SUN-DANCE CANYON, BANFF, ALTA.

- My whole is a full-grown animal who can both laugh and cry.
3. Two legs sat upon three legs, with one leg on his lap; up jumped four legs, ran away with one leg, up jumped two legs, threw three legs after four legs, and made four legs bring one leg back.
 4. Find the name of a bird hidden in each of the following sentences:—
(a) Many persons were injured in the great crowd.
(b) Thomas wants to go to the fair to-morrow.
(c) Did you ever read "Guiliver's Travels?"
(d) That bear will growl if you tease him so.
(e) I have seen her only twice since her return.
 5. What flies high and lights low; has no feet, but wears boots?
 6. What species of bee is valued the highest, and yet makes the most noise and gives the greatest amount of trouble?
 7. What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?
 8. When is a nose not a nose?
 9. What goes to the well, but never drinks water; goes to the stable, but never eats hay; goes out to the prairie and sings all day?
 10. When can you put your sweet-heart into your pocket?

Answers to September Puzzles.

1. One keeps a wagging and the other keeps a carriage.
2. Because it blows, it snows (blows its nose).
3. Bill.
4. Because she can't go around it.
5. Pair of boots.
6. David.
7. 2. I took one off and left one on.
8. Nothing.
9. Potatoes and corn.
10. Because it eats best with a bit out of its mouth.
11. Because it lies between the Bow (beau) and the Elbow.
12. Enough—one hug.

Prize Winners.

H. Tansley, Birtle, Man.
Mrs. J. V. Wanless, Innisfail, Alta.
Kenneth McCaskill, Clear Springs, Man.
A. E. Wightman, La Riviere, Man.
W. Beaty McNietty, Richmond, Ont.
Robt. Ferguson, Box Alder, Ont.
A. Alvis, Oak River, Man.

The "Book of Fate" Game.

An entertainment along new and lively lines is called "The Book of Fate" game. The game, as announced unveils the future of the young players. A large volume is made of a couple of dozen sheets of wrapping or other paper, folded in half. The cover is of pasteboard, decorated with India ink witches or goblins holding will-o'-the-wisp lanterns. The title, "Book of Fate," appears on the cover in black lettering. Each sheet of the twenty-



A man in Holland, by the name of Vet, one day expressed his opinion of a constable by calling him a monkey. This outspoken frankness did not meet the approval of the court, and he was sentenced to forty-five days' imprisonment for insulting the police.

Before being removed he turned to address the court.

"Then I mustn't call a constable a monkey?" he said.

"Certainly not; you must not insult the police."

The culprit reflected. "May I call a monkey a constable?" he asked with a flash of genius.

The judge shrugged his shoulders, and, holding no brief for the animal, replied, "If it gives you any satisfaction."

With a smile of gratification Vet turned on his heel in the dock and bowed to his prosecutor. "Good-day, constable," he said.

Mrs. Woodby: "There's nothing like a college education to open the way to exclusive society. Since my son started to go to the university, he's got into the Four Hundred."

Mrs. McGinty: "My son's doing even better at college. He's on the Nine."

"Mrs. Gimps," said a little girl to a neighbor, my mother sent me over to invite you to come and take tea with us. "Did she say at what time I should come?"

"No; she only said I was to ask you, and then it would be off her mind."

A minister was one day walking along a road, and to his astonishment he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the centre. When he came up to them he put the following question:

"What are you doing to the dog?"

One little boy said: "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted: "Hand him the dog! He has earned it."

Old Gentleman—"Do you think, sir, that you are able to support my daughter without continually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy?"

Suitor—"Oh, yes, sir; I am sure I can."

Old Gentleman—"Well, that's more than I can do. Take her and be happy."

—N.Y. Weekly.

Mrs. Candle: "Wake up, Jeremiah! I do believe there's a man in the room."

Candle: "Yes, dear; and he's trying his best to get a few winks of sleep. Good-night!"

Smith—Brown is the laziest man on record.

Jones—How so?

Smith—When his wife asks him to water her flower-bed he throws a bucket of water on his Newfoundland dog and then has him stand in the middle of the flower-bed and shake himself.—Puck.

Judge Edwards, of Lee county, Georgia, had a queer customer recently, whose mission was to procure a marriage license.

The man—negro—had a large string of fish with him, and, after holding it up and surveying the fish full five minutes he shook his head doubtfully and said:

"I 'lowed I'd trade you dese fish fer de license, Mister Jedge, but save me, I dunno whether ter git married or—eat de fish!"

This was the conversation between the girl with the gum in her mouth and the other girl with the gum in her mouth:

"Aincha hungry?"

"Yeh."

"So my. Less go neet."

"Where?"

"Sleeve go one places nuther."

"So dy. Ika neet mo stennyware. Canchoo?"

"Yeh. Gotcher money?"

"Yes."

"So vy. Gotche aptite "

"Yeh. Gotchoors?"

"Yeh. Howbout the place cross-street?"

"Nothin' teet there. Lessgurround corner."

"Thattledoo zwell zennyware. Mighta thoughta that 'first. Getcher hat."

"Ima gittinit. Gotcher money?"

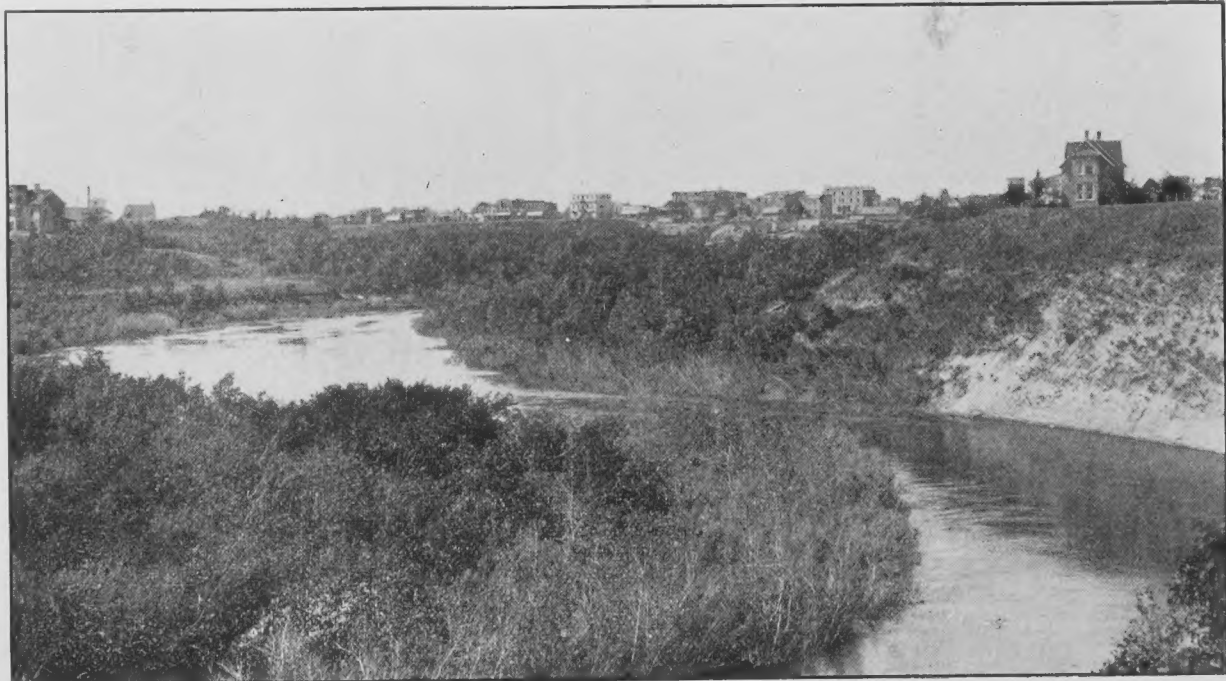
"Yeh. Didn'cheer me say I had. it All ready?"

"Yeh."

"K'mon."—Chicago Tribune.

A FOOD WITH SILVER SERVICE.

In reducing the very best elements of Canada's best wheat to the most nutritious and palatable form, Orange Meat has scored a distinct triumph among Canadian housekeepers. "We do not tire of it," says Mrs. T. Reid, Southampton, Ont. Aside from the merit of the cereal, your grocer will show you a coupon which is enclosed in every 15c. package. These coupons, for the balance of the year, can be redeemed in heavy silver plated tea and dessert spoons, handsome sugar shells and butter knives. The coupons give full information and directions concerning the premiums. (Advt.)



SOURIS MAN, SHOWING SOURIS RIVER.

How an Ant Goes to Bed.

Of course ants go to bed, and if you watch them you may see them do it. An ant hill is made of tiny pebbles, which are piled about an entrance hole. At night the ants take these pebbles in their mouths and, carrying them to the hole, pile them one upon the other, as men build a wall.

After the hole is filled up, except one tiny place at the top, the last ant crawls in and with her head pushes sand up against the hole from the inside, thus stopping it up entirely. Then all night not an ant will be seen, but about eight o'clock the next morning, if one looks very closely, one may see a pair of tiny feelers thrust out through the chinks between the stones. Then an ant pushes its way out and begins to carry the pebbles away. Just behind the first comes another, and another, until the whole family comes journeying out.

But an ant does not sleep through the whole night; she takes a nap two or three hours long. She does not have to undress, but whenever she gets tired she lies down on the ground, curls her six

legs close up to her body and goes to sleep so soundly that you could brush her with a feather without waking her. When she has had her sleep out she gets up, stretches her legs and yawns. Then she washes herself carefully all over. After that she is ready for her day's work again, and a busy day she has, too—tending the babies, making new rooms or getting food for the big family.—Home Journal

Inflammation

Women who suffer from inflammation of the womb should try that wonderful remedy

7 Monks Sanogen

This remedy is used locally and cures Leucorrhoea, Inflammation, Congestion, Uterine, Catarrh, Discharge, etc. There is no other remedy like it. It is cleansing and antiseptic. :: :: :: ::

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Mailed upon receipt of the price.

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Sole Proprietors,
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THE GREAT FAMILY REMEDY.

For nearly fifty years the most widely used family remedy in Canada has been Nerviline. Mrs. M. E. Cartwright, of Morris, says: "I couldn't think of being without Nerviline. If I have toothache, Nerviline stops it. If I get a sick headache, have trouble with stomach or digestion I can rely on Nerviline to cure me promptly. To break up a cold or to rub on for rheumatism or soreness, Nerviline has no equal. Just the thing for emergencies, splendid if taken sick at night, equal to almost any occasion—no wonder that half a million of bottles are used annually. Try Nerviline. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Prize Offerings

It is our aim to improve THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY as time passes, and to make the journal more and more a home paper. It has been very gratifying to us to know that our efforts have been appreciated, and we pass on to pastures new. From time to time we have sought to encourage western literary talent, and now offer the following:

A prize of \$6.00 for the best historical sketch of Manitoba, \$4.00 for the second, \$3.00 for the third, \$2.00 for the fourth, and \$1.00 for the fifth.

The same amounts for a like article on Assiniboia.

Similar amounts for an article on Alberta.

Like amounts for an article on Saskatchewan.

CONDITIONS:

The articles to be written by individuals not over 16 years of age.

Each writer to be a paid-in-advance subscriber to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY for one year from date of mailing the contribution.

The article to be written on one side of the paper only.

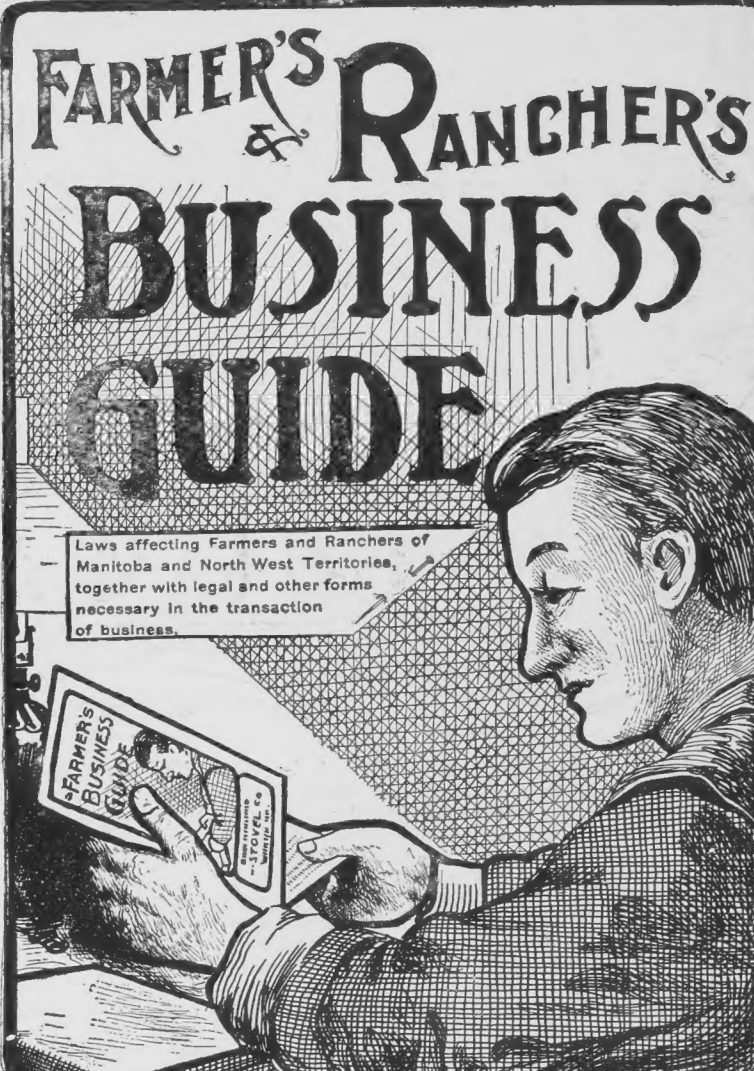
All articles sent in to be the property of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY. Any one, or all of them to be used in the columns of the paper if we think well.

The names and addresses of the individuals writing to be given with each article.

Where mention of individuals resident in the Province or Territories is made, year in which they came to this country, and where they came from, to be given.

Each article to be not more than 2,000 words. Brevity will be one of the main considerations in deciding the prizes.

All articles to be in our hands before the close of 1904.



FARMER'S & RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE

Laws affecting Farmers and Ranchers of Manitoba and North West Territories, together with legal and other forms necessary in the transaction of business.

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Every father requires the FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE for his own information, and for the education of his sons. The price of the book is \$1.

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For a limited time THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will be Given Free, postage paid, with THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to all paying Fifty Cents in advance. Send us Fifty Cents and you secure the GUIDE and THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY (in enlarged form) for one year.

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WE WANT YOUR MONEY

BUT

not until you can say "Here is the dollar. You deserve it," not until we HAVE EARNED IT, not until you are WILLING to send it to us, not until you want to send it to us, not until you are SATISFIED to pay it, not until we HAVE PROVEN TO YOU that we have what we claim, not until VITAE-ORE HAS DONE FOR YOU WHAT YOU WANT IT TO DO FOR YOU. Until then, you pay us NOTHING. After that you will be willing to pay, GLAD TO PAY, as hundreds of the readers of this paper, yea even thousands, have been willing and glad to pay. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE. We leave it to you entirely for you to decide. If you can say that we, and Vitae-Ore, have earned your money, we want your money, as we say at the top, but NOT OTHERWISE. How can you refuse to give this most remarkable of all remarkable remedies—a natural, curing and healing mineral ore—a trial on the terms of such a LIBERAL OFFER? If you need medicinal treatment of any kind, if you are sick and ailing, if anyone in your family is ailing, poorly, worn out, sickly, it is actually a sin and a shame if you do not send for Vitae-Ore upon the terms of this thirty-day trial offer. Read the offer! Read it again and again! Send for the medicine! Do it to-day! Each day lost makes a case older, obstinate, harder, hurts you more, pains you more. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose.

WE WILL SEND TO ALL

Subscribers or readers of The Western Home Monthly a full sized \$1.00 package of VITAE-ORE by mail, POSTPAID, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. If not, no money is wanted! We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We give you thirty days' time to try the medicine, thirty days to see results before you need to pay us one cent, and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results. You are to be the judge. We know Vitae-Ore and are willing to take the risk.

Vitae-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantite, rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver in the neighborhood of a once powerful, but now extinct, mineral spring. It requires twenty years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it slacks down like lime, and is then of medicinal value. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and free magnesium, three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package—one ounce—of the Ore, when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 500 gallons of the most powerful mineral water drunk fresh from the springs. It is a geological discovery, in which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing disease as thousands testify and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. VITAE-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate, incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctors' prescriptions which it is possible to procure.

Vitae-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of The Western Home Monthly, if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitae-Ore can not benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it would hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving age and ailments and mention The Western Home Monthly so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

A CURE FOR EVERY WOMAN.

Though woman is the most perfect piece of mechanism, if the expression may be permitted, in all God's creation, she is, from the nature of her organism, the most delicate. Like a watch, her system is made of many integral parts, each a perfect piece of mechanism in itself, but powerless when separated from the rest. Damage a part of a watch ever so slightly, and it immediately is deranged, its running powers and usefulness impaired. If the damage be great it stops entirely; if slight it runs in a half-hearted way, losing a minute here and there, out of joint with itself, as it were. It may run correctly for a time, then erratically. So it is with a woman. If one of the vital organs becomes ever so slightly deranged the working of the entire system is impaired, is "out of joint." If the trouble be slight, like the watch, it may not be noticeable at times, if great it stops "running" after a time and death is the result.

To keep the reproductive organs in their normal condition, to keep the body sound and healthy, all functions active, all conditions normal, is a duty that every woman owes, not only to herself, but to her family, future generations and the world at large. To those suffering from any of the numerous forms of female complaints, brought about by one cause or another, Vitae-Ore comes with glad tidings and the promise of an almost new life, a healthier, happier existence, if used as thousands of long suffering women, now well, have used them. An ideal treatment, of a nature allowing it to be used locally (and local treatment is an absolute necessity) as well as constitutionally, its use offers to every woman most speedy relief and an ABSOLUTE PERMANENT CURE from the many diseased conditions which unfit women for the full enjoyment of life and its duties. If you need it, if you are sick and suffering, or just weak and tired, SEND FOR IT, try it, without any risk to you. It cures in such special cases where other treatments, advertised for such uses exclusively, FAIL EVEN TO BENEFIT.

A CERTAIN AND NEVER FAILING CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND DROPSY
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BLOOD POISONING
SORES AND ULCERS
MALARIAL FEVER
NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND ANAEMIA
LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES
CATARRH OF ANY PART
FEMALE COMPLAINTS
STOMACH AND BOWEL DISORDERS
GENERAL DEBILITY

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITTED!

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. Address

THEO. NOEL. Geologist, H. M. Dept., YONGE ST. Toronto, Ont.

BEST DOCTORS FAIL

Had Kidney Trouble for 30 Years, Dropsy 20 Years, and Rheumatism 12 Years.

Vitae-Ore Triumphs Astonishingly after All these Long Years of Sickness.

In 1867 I was taken with Kidney Trouble and could not do any farm work. I continued in this condition for so long, although I tried many remedies, that it developed into Dropsy, and I have been more or less in a dropsical state for the past twenty years, at times most alarmingly so. To add to my already



heavy burden, I was attacked with Rheumatism some 11 or 12 years ago, and this has been with me almost continuously since that time. I had the best doctors in the country, having continually searched and expended money to bring about a cure if such a thing were possible, but all to no avail. I also tried my share of all the advertised treatments, as I suppose every sick person does and must, with the same results. When I first learned of Vitae-Ore I had tried so long and so fruitlessly that I laughed at the claims set forth, but as I investigated further and found that it was not a man-made compound, but a natural mineral ore, mined from a deposit, I grew interested in it and decided to at least give it a trial. I commenced taking Vitae-Ore three months ago and still take it, and am now as well and free from all these troubles as I ever expected to be and more. Vitae-Ore is certainly a powerful remedy and I only wish that I had learned of it when it was first placed upon the market. It almost makes me heart-sick to think of all the great suffering, pain and illness I could have saved, and the ability I could have had to do all I wanted to do. No ailing person should pass by the opportunity to try it when it is offered to them. D. L. STRAIN
Shannon City, Iowa.

Rheumatism Gone—Gained 20 Pounds.

Meridian, Assa., N. W. T.
Vitae-Ore is a grand medicine. I have gained twenty pounds and have only used one package—the package which was sent to me on thirty days' trial. My rheumatism has entirely left me, although no treatment which I used before was able to do anything with it. It is astonishing what a great result has been accomplished from so small a quantity of medicine used in so short time. I will always recommend V.-O. and think every sick person should take advantage of your liberal offer to give it a trial without a penny of cost until benefitted. PETER HAY.

CURED OF SALT RHEUM.

Afflicted for Over Ten Years—No Other Medicine Could Do the Work—Three Packages of Vitae-Ore Proves to Be a Positive Cure.

I have been in a most unhappy condition with Salt Rheum for the last ten or eleven years, and during that time I have used several medicines, in fact, a great many, in the hope of obtaining a cure, none of which brought me any great relief. The last remedy which I took before I made use of Vitae-Ore simply did me no good at all. I heard that there was a medicine called Vitae-Ore, which was known to have cured cases of Salt Rheum in my neighborhood, and I immediately sent for a package on trial. The thirty days' use of the medicine made possible by the



trial terms greatly relieved the trouble, and it alone was enough to do more good than any treatment I had previously used. I sent for two more packages, the use of which has completely cured me. I would like all people who are suffering from this ailment to know about my cure, in order that they may take this wonderful medicine. Although I used the Vitae-Ore only for the purpose of curing Salt Rheum I find that after taking the three packages my general health is much improved and that I feel much better and stronger than I formerly did. I am recommending Vitae-Ore wherever I find the opportunity.

MRS. P. MALLETTE, Coulonge, Que.